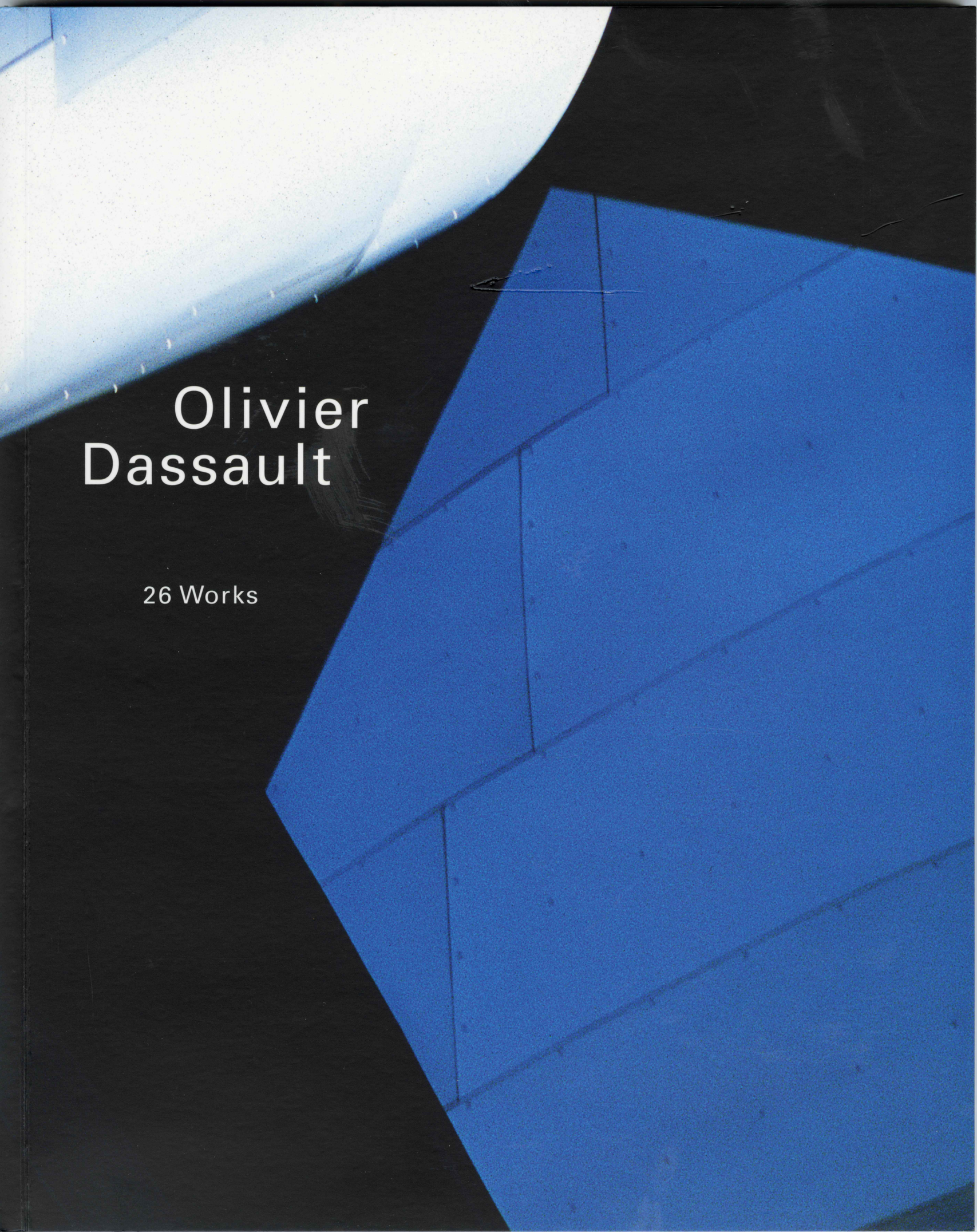

Olivier Dassault

26 Works

Olivier Dassault
26 Works

an exhibition to benefit
France Los Angeles Exchange
(FLAX)

March 17 – April 23, 2016

Louis Stern Fine Arts

9002 Melrose Avenue
West Hollywood CA 90069

310 276 0147

louissternfinearts.com

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Acknowledgement

Louis Stern

When I first met Olivier Dassault, I was struck by his candor and openmindedness. Our conversation was wide-ranging but also light hearted. We seemed to have many common interests, but most of all we shared a great passion for photography. We agreed about what makes a great photograph a great photograph. Then as we studied images of Olivier's work, I began to imagine creating an exhibition for him in my gallery. But when?

I have always been a fan of FLAX (France Los Angeles Exchange.) In their mission to connect the cultures of France and Los Angeles, FLAX has produced singularly provocative art events. I share their hope that the art and culture of these two great nations may help us all find common ground. This idea resonated with Olivier. We realized that his exhibition could be utilized to support FLAX's program. Happily, schedules cooperated and we were able to fix a date, curate the exhibition, design and produce a catalogue — all in celebration of the photographer's art.

It has been a great honor and sincere pleasure to help produce this exhibition. I am indebted to Olivier for his time, energy and his great enthusiasm. His staff has been tireless in their desire to get things right. Also, I want to express my sincere appreciation to Donna Benchimol for her commitment and generosity. Her assistance has been invaluable in the realization of this project. Meanwhile, back in LA, FLAX's Executive Director Elisabeth Forney and her team have been very supportive. But none of this would have been possible without the yeomen efforts of my staff: Director Marie Chambers, Registrar Natalie Linden and Preparator Justin Stubig.

Merci one and all!

Préface

Harry Bellet

On le ne croirait pas à le voir, malgré un œil qui pétille : nous avons affaire à un homme éminent, membre de l'assemblée nationale française, régulièrement élu et réélu depuis plusieurs années. Un de ceux qui débattent et votent nos lois. Un homme qui, dans sa jeunesse, fut pilote de chasse dans l'armée de l'air. Ingénieur, ça va de soit. Un des rares au monde qualifié pour voler sur tous les appareils produits par le groupe Dassault fondé par son grand-père.

Et c'est là que ça dérape : l'œil brille un peu plus lorsqu'il raconte qu'un jour, aux commandes d'un Falcon, il a fait servir un verre à tous ses passagers — des amis, et on espère qu'ils le sont encore — avant de leur faire une démonstration de quelques principes simples de la physique. En l'occurrence, un tonneau, histoire de leur prouver que le liquide qu'ils avaient devant eux resterait strictement collé au fond du récipient. On ne sait pas, par contre, ce qu'il advint du contenu de leur estomac.

On ne peut pas comprendre l'œil d'Olivier Dassault — celui du photographe — si on n'appréhende pas sa passion pour l'aérien. En plaisantant (mais est-ce vraiment une blague ?), il dit que s'il a appris à piloter, c'est parce qu'il avait peur en avion. Or pour bien voler, au moins aux temps héroïques où les zincs ne se dirigeaient pas tout seul, il fallait être doté d'une qualité assez particulière.

C'est un peintre américain qui m'en a parlé pour la première fois. Etabli à Paris depuis les années 1950, John Levee servait durant la seconde guerre mondiale dans l'U.S. Air Force. Son job consistait à rapatrier aux Etats-Unis des avions touchés par les tirs de la DCA allemande, encore capables de voler mais trop abimés our pouvoir être réparés en Grande-Bretagne (on saluera au passage l'exploit que devait constituer dans ces conditions une traversée de l'Atlantique). D'après lui, un pilote doit voir dans plusieurs dimensions à la fois. Devant, sur les côtés, en haut, en bas, et probablement deux ou trois autre

coins que, nous autres terriens, on ne connait pas, sans compter ce sacré horizon qui, chez eux, n'est jamais ni plat, ni droit. Ils ont un positionnement dans l'espace qui n'est pas celui du commun des mortels.

Il faut aussi imaginer ces images fantastiques que leur regard embrasse : nous avons tous été fascinés par certains nuages vus d'en haut – ceux là même qui secouent bien fort l'avion quand il descend dedans –, des couchers de soleil, des montagnes toutes petites, voire une fois dans mon cas, une lune rouge (un miracle, plus beau qu'un tableau de Mark Rothko, mais plus éphémère aussi, et moins coûteux), entrevus à travers un hublot de cabine. Pensez à ce que leurs yeux reçoivent face aux vitres panoramiques de leur cockpit !

Ses photographies s'inscrivent dans une double tradition : d'abord celle qui choisit comme sujet les sites industriels, ou plutôt ce qu'ils produisent, une pratique bien ancrée depuis les pionniers des années 1920 jusqu'à Bernd et Hilla Becher. Mais là où ces derniers constatait plutôt une déréliction, les usines bientôt condamnées à la fermeture, des grandes machines, désormais obsolètes, qui firent la puissance de l'Europe du Nord, Olivier Dassault privilégie ce qui fonctionne, ce qui va de l'avant, quand ce n'est pas ce qui s'envoie en l'air. Il y met aussi une forme de sensualité, par la couleur et les matières notamment. Certains de ses sujets, aile d'avion, détail de fuselage, le rangent plutôt — et dans un savoureux paradoxe quand on connaît son engagement politique — du côté des constructivistes russes qui, après la révolution de 1917, entendaient magnifier le progrès.

Ensuite, la tradition qui fait dériver l'abstraction du paysage. On pense à Kandinsky, bien sûr, mais aussi à un souvenir de jeunesse : les étudiants d'histoire de l'art en France – dont je fus – n'eurent longtemps qu'un seul bréviaire sur l'art abstrait, un livre publié en 1967 par Dora Vallier, qui fut une des grandes plumes de la revue *Cahiers d'Art.* Parmi les illustrations, elle en avait

juxtaposé deux : un tableau de Poliakoff, et une photographie aérienne de champs cultivés, qui, morcellement des terres en Europe oblige, présentait les même caractéristiques formelles. L'aviation pour expliquer l'abstraction, il n'est pas certain que les frères Wright avaient pensé à cela.

C'est pourtant en suivant ce principe qu'on peut examiner l'autre grand thème de cette exposition, composé plutôt de fragments de murs. Des choix très éclectiques, puisque cela va du détail d'une façade d'un immeuble des beaux quartiers parisiens à la vision sublimée d'un vide-ordure de Marrakech !

« Un don sans technique n'est rien qu'une sale manie », disait le français Georges Brassens dans une chanson dont on épargnera le contexte aux lecteurs, et surtout aux lectrices. La technique, Olivier Dassault la possède, évidemment. Elle est même des plus classiques qui soient, puisqu'il travaille exclusivement la photographie argentique. C'est au tirage que l'ingénieur qu'il est ressort la tête. Il expérimente tous les supports, les plus modernes comme les plus incongrus. Il manipule ses clichés, multiplie les formes comme pourraient le faire les artistes du « pattern painting » (qu'il a chronologiquement devancé, en l'occurrence, mais sans y accorder plus d'importance que cela). Tout cela est bel et bien, mais, il faut aussi l'avouer, parfois un brin hétéroclite.

C'est là qu'intervient Louis Stern. Je sais, les puristes vont hurler : en quoi un marchand peut-il influencer l'œuvre de l'artiste qu'il présente ? C'est faire preuve d'une grande méconnaissance tant de l'histoire de l'art que de ce qu'est la réalité du travail artistique. Pour le premier cas, on ne prendra qu'un exemple, celui de Morris Louis. Il peignait sur des toiles libres, qui n'étaient fixées sur un châssis qu'au moment de leur exposition. C'est à ce moment là seulement qu'il les découpait, en déterminait la dimension, le cadrage et même le sens d'accrochage. Il n'hésitait d'ailleurs pas à ce moment crucial à solliciter l'avis d'un de ses amis, le célèbre critique d'art Clement Greenberg.

Plus encore : après la mort du peintre, Greenberg se chargea de la besogne, laquelle n'est pas anodine. Il le fit avec toutes les précautions souhaitables, certes, mais il n'est pas fréquent de voir un critique d'art décider de la composition et de la dimension d'une œuvre. Greenberg s'en est expliqué, à propos d'une autre variable de l'art de Morris Louis, l'accrochage : *« La décision de savoir quel côté d'une peinture de chevalet est le sommet, le bas, le côté droit ou le côté gauche n'est pas irrévocable, et Louis sentait que la particularité de son art autorisait une nouvelle souplesse de ce point de vue. (...) En tout cas, il avait le sentiment que, si sa peinture était bonne, elle se révélerait, quelle que soit la manière dont elle était accrochée... »*

Olivier Dassault est encore heureusement bien vivant, mais il m'a donné le bonheur d'assister à une scène assez semblable lors d'une séance de travail avec Louis Stern. Le galeriste et l'artiste discutant des cadrages, de la composition, autant que du choix du support et des dimensions de l'œuvre. Voila, j'entends à nouveau les cris d'orfraies... Pour être aussi romancier, je peux témoigner que je n'aurai jamais sorti un livre potable sans l'aide et les conseils de mes éditeurs (ils me le font payer assez cher, d'ailleurs, mais je les aime quand même...). Personne n'oserait imaginer que *Star Wars* est le travail d'un seul homme, et ce n'est pas aux Californiens que j'apprendrais ce qu'est l'efficacité d'un pool de scénaristes.

Enfin, après l'artiste, le galeriste, le monde de l'art n'existerait pas sans les collectionneurs, les patrons. C'est de vous dont il s'agit, c'est de vous dont je parle. Oui, vous. Votre engagement est indispensable : faites-vous plaisir, étonnez-moi !

Harry Bellet est un historien d'art, écrivain et journaliste. Il est spécialisé en Art contemporain et moderne. Il est l'auteur de nombreux ouvrages et essais sur l'art. Son premier roman, "L'affaire Dreyer a été publié en 2004. Après avoir travaillé au Musée d'Art Moderne – Centre Pompidou, il est désormais journaliste au quotidien le Monde.

Preface

Harry Bellet

It is hard to believe that the artist Olivier Dassault, a photographer with a keen eye, is also an eminent member of the French National Assembly. He's a man who leads debates, secures passage for our laws and wins re-election year after year. Yet he is also a jet pilot, an engineer of sorts and one of the very few people qualified to fly every single aircraft produced by the Dassault Company, the company his grandfather founded.

Perhaps it is this quality of vision and confidence that led him to create photographs. Surely as a pilot, from inside the cockpit, he learned to utilize a multi-dimensional point of view. He observed not merely what was in front of him but what surrounded him, above and underneath, on the sides as well as the distance between two or three other corners unknown to the rest of us earthlings. The flat line of the sacred horizon, the expectation of any kind of limitation, is not part of the artist's vision. Clearly, as his history and his artwork suggest, Olivier Dassault has learned to see differently than we ordinary mortals.

Thus his photographs have a double origin: First, the work is inspired by production at industrial sites, a well-established practice championed in the work of Bernd and Hilla Becher. But where the Bechers' images conjure a state of dereliction, factories doomed to close, big machines that made Northern Europe prosperous now obsolete, Olivier Dassault portrays what works, what goes full steam ahead, when it is not what shoots you up to the stars. He also adds a healthy dose of sensuality in the colors and texture. Some of these subjects, including an airplane wing and a detail of fuselage, rank him — in a delicious paradox regarding his political activism — among Russian Constructivists who, after the 1917 Revolution, meant to glorify progress.

The photographs also share an allegiance to the tradition that derives abstraction from the landscape. We think of Kandinsky, of course, but also there is a memory: art history students in France — and I was one of them — for long only had one breviary on

abstract art, a book published in 1967 by Dora Vallier. Ms. Vallier was one of the main contributors to the magazine *Cahiers d'Art.* In designing the illustrations, she juxtaposed two: a painting by Poliakoff and then an aerial photograph of cultivated fields. Due to the land fragmentation in Europe, both images had the same formal characteristics. Is it possible for aviation to explain abstraction? Though I am not sure the Wright brothers thought of this, I see this connection in Dassault's work.

Bearing in mind this principle, when one examines the selection of wall fragments, another subject on display in this exhibition, I marvel at the compositions. From a façade detail of a building in a nice Parisian quarter to the sublimated view of garbage chutes in Marrakech! A very eclectic choice indeed yet perfectly rendered via the eyes and photographs of Olivier Dassault.

As Georges Brassens has written, "A talent without a technique is nothing but a bad habit." It so happens this sentiment is expressed in a song whose context the reader should definitely be spared. But Olivier Dassault has no worries with regard to technique. As all classic photographers do, he produces conventional photographs, each one expertly conceived and printed. Using all kinds of media from the most modern to the most seemingly incongruous, he manipulates snapshots, multiplying and dividing form much as pattern-painting artists have done. All this is well and good, but we must also admit, it can be confusing.

This is where the dealer Louis Stern collaborates. I can already imagine the purists are screaming, "How can an art dealer be allowed to influence the artist's work?" Such a statement ignores the history of art as well as the truth of the artwork itself.

The example of Morris Louis and Clement Greenberg comes to mind. Louis painted on unstretched canvas. The work was only stretched and mounted on stretcher bars for exhibition. Only for the purposes of an exhibition would he cut them out, decide

their sizes, request framing, and even determine the desired orientation. For such climatic events Louis did not hesitate to ask for art critic Clement Greenberg's advice.

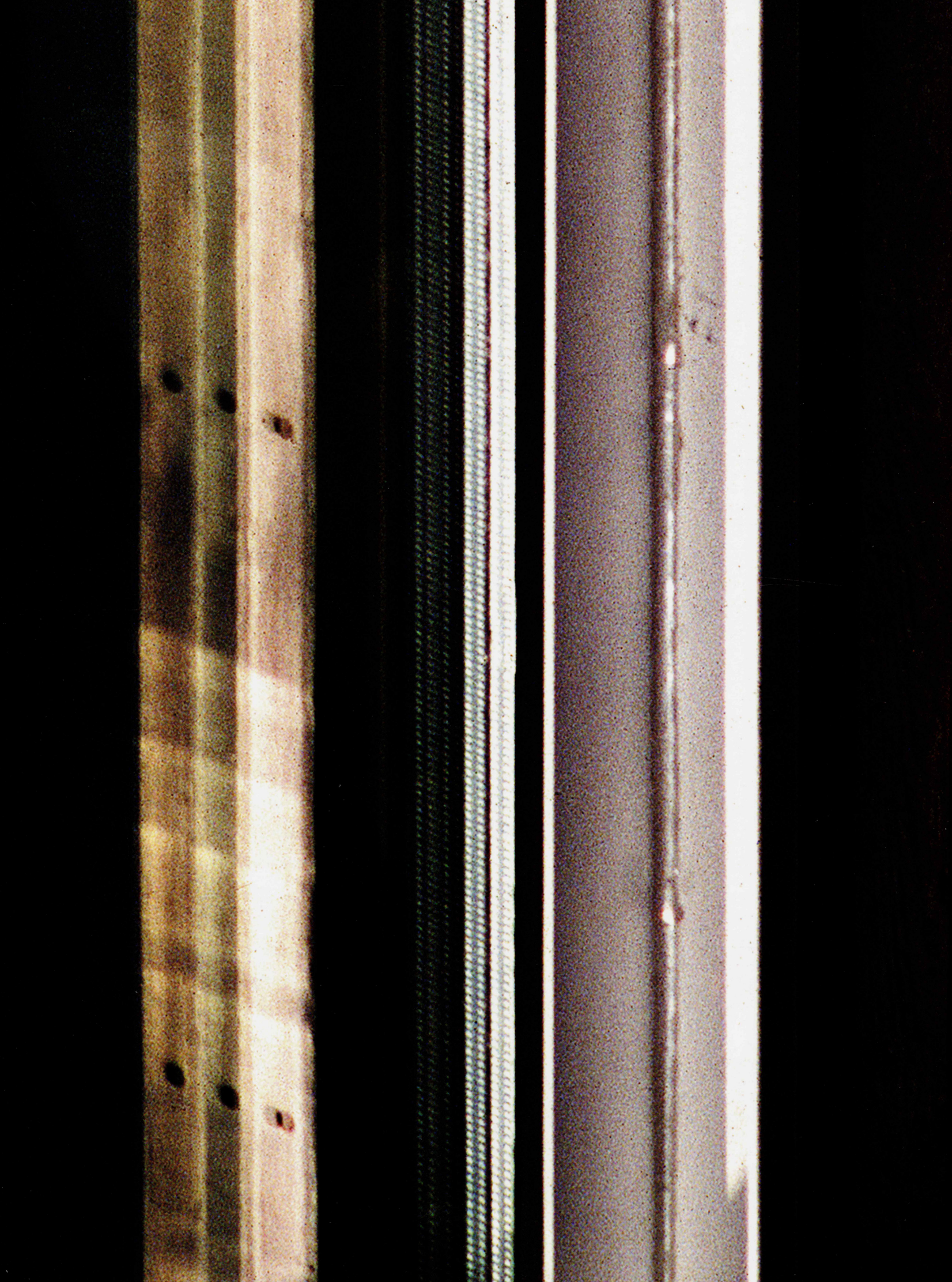
More poignantly, after the painter's death, Greenberg undertook the same task, a serious responsibility. I'm sure he exercised any and all creative precautions. But it is not common to see an art critic decide on the composition and size of a work. As Greenberg explained this variable in Morris Louis' artwork, "The decision of knowing which side of the painting on the easel is the top, the bottom, or the right side or left side is not irrevocable, and Louis felt that the peculiarity of his art allowed a flexibility of this new perspective. In any case, he felt that if his painting was good, it would prove itself, regardless of how it was hung..."

Fortunately, Olivier Dassault is very much alive, and allowed me the privilege of attending a very similar working session with Louis Stern. I listened to gallerist and artist speak of framing and composition as well as the selection of materials and the size of the artwork. I expected to hear them screaming bloody murder.

(As a novelist, I can testify that I would have never arrived at a printable book without the help and guidance of my editors. They are quite expensive, in fact, but I love them anyway. No one could think that *Star Wars* is the work of one man, and it's not from California's film business that I have learned the effectiveness of a writers' pool.)

Finally, beyond the collaboration of artist and gallery, the art world would not exist without collectors, the bosses. It's because of you that it exists at all. So it's you I'm talking to. Yes, you. Your commitment and your attention is essential: look at this work, treat yourself, surprise me!

Harry Bellet is an art historian and currently serves as a journalist specializing in modern and contemporary art for Le Monde. He is the author of numerous books and essays on art. His first novel, "L'affaire Dreyer" (The Dreyer Affair) was published in 2004. Prior to his engagement with Le Monde, he worked at Paris' Centre Georges Pompidou.



Olivier Dassault:
Non-Objective Observation

Peter Frank

Olivier Dassault sees the same world we do; he just finds different things in it. Where we regard the myriad things around us as things, Dassault regards them as forms — not discrete forms, but relational forms, parts of larger (or smaller) compositions that project different meanings than do the things themselves. Dassault's camera captures a visual ambience operating parallel to quotidian reality, am ambience that allows function to be redirected, from the mechanical to the aesthetic.

Dassault focuses — certainly in this body of work — on a landscape dominated by industry. Indeed, it is a landscape more or less wholly industrial, or at least manmade, no matter how often natural phenomena intrude. The only real mark nature leaves, in fact, is in the modifications, the erosions and oxidations, it has effected upon the materials that constitute the structures Dassault studies. Thus, the field of vision in which he works is a field created as well as toiled by humankind. And it is a field well toiled by people, by machines, and by the aforementioned aging factor brought by nature.

The history of modern art, and photography in particular (I was going to write "modern photography," but, at least from our standpoint, photography IS the first wholly modern art) is one of leaving behind and constantly rediscovering ways of looking outward and of looking inward. Even the most dedicated realist painters, if truly adding to the modern voice, look at things their predecessors would never look at and study the world from vantages and with attitudes their predecessors could never have imagined. Photography helped make that new point of reference possible, and arguably made it necessary, because, in its intricate mechanisms and the elusiveness of the "truth" it supposedly brought to seeing, it came to question the veracity of observation. By the beginning of the last century this questioning had led to abstraction in painting and sculpture – and in photography itself.

But what constitutes "abstraction" in any of these disciplines — especially in photography, a supposedly reportorial medium? Where does the recognition of forms end and the play of forms begin? Wherever that is, there Dassault operates. He does not regard his subject matter as mere topographical facture; it may exist somewhere on the map in solid form, and there may even be hints of its geographic specificity. If you knew your industrial parks and your dry docks, you might identify an architectural anomaly that betrays

the location of Dassault's shoot. But you might as well try to determine the time of day, and year, and perhaps the global latitude, at which Dassault shot the image(s) by determining the angle of sunlight falling on a surface. Such details are data, pure and simple, the kinds of information Dassault may respect but does not heed. He is not concerned with any pretense at objectivity, whether the "new objectivity" of inter-war realism nor the facticity of conceptual photography and even the "new topographics" of forty years ago. The stolid groupings of buildings and mechanistic details photographed — photographically annotated, if you will — by Charles Sheeler and Werner Mantz in the 1920s and '30s and by Bernd and Hilla Becher and Robert Adams since the '60s treat such structures as still-life elements. By contrast, Dassault treats these structures as optical passages, concentrating not on their bulk or contour but on their skin and color, and on the interplay of their exterior elements.

It is that "interplay" that most distinguishes Dassault's approach to his subjects, and to his medium. The composition of his photographs is what makes them make sense and even gives them existential meaning. They present themselves to us as formal interplays, as dependent on the relations between shapes and the dynamics of composition as is a painting by Mondrian or Kandinsky. Painting more than photography defines the specific aesthetic realm in which Dassault operates. One almost feels an arbitrary hand reaching into the photograph and rearranging the elements that comprise a Dassault photograph, as if deciding that a door and the shadow it casts are not quite far enough from a nearby window, or that the rust of an overhang is not harmonious enough with the weathered shutter, or that what is seen through a screen of glass is distorted a bit too fluidly or not fluidly enough. These days, of course, one can exercise such a "hand," by subjecting one's camera captures to the various modifying programs in one's computer; but Dassault prefers the "old-fashioned" approach, changing his camera's angle, moving himself and his tripod a few feet in order to bring the disparate items that have attracted him into a more perfect union.

Dassault, of course, is hardly the only photographer ever to work like this. There is a veritable army of find-the-abstract photographers roaming the globe, forsaking people's faces and the pathos of animals to seek the visual energy in how real things, living and non-living, interact before, and even in, the eye. This army was unleashed decades ago by the Bauhaus, which both valorized a no-

nonsense approach to the life around one and urged photographers to find the glamor in the barely recognizable. Shots out apartment windows abstracted city life into its rhythms; shots into apartment buildings revealed the patterns of daily life lived by modern humans; and so forth. Such photography amplified the elegance of the everyday. To this, today's abstract photographer adds poignancy, an admiration — carried over, arguably, from Eastern philosophies — for the old, the weathered, and the imperfect. Yesterday's gleaming apartment block is now admired for the cracks in its walls. Dassault is certainly one such photographer. But he is not merely one, not by a long shot.

In the work of so many contemporary abstract photographers (and here I refer only to those whose basic approach is cameratic rather than computer-dependent in any but the most basic way), the coming — or, if you will, falling – together of pictorial elements seems to be fortuitous and even coincidental, as if they happened to be walking away from a photo-shoot with a model in a park and, of its own accord, their camera took a picture that somehow worked as a photo. Whether feigned or actual, such accidental photography retains its casualness, to its own detriment. This is a kind of work, a kind of aesthetic, that benefits from, even demands, the intervention of a human hand as well as a mechanism. It makes most sense when it is rationalized and balanced by an eye as human as those about to behold it. In the context of the aesthetic spirit championed by Dassault, it is best to do the work with the camera itself, not simply to find the perfect angle, the perfect relationship, but fully to lay claim to it and isolate it from its source. Thus, the process of abstraction is not machine-dependent nor hand-dependent nor digital-dependent; it is eye-dependent.

That is to say, the impetus for Dassault's photography is optical and so is its method. This sounds self-evident, but it is not. Photography is of course a visual medium, but it is not necessarily an OPTICAL one. In fact, even after two centuries of photographic dominance, during which our acculturated view of the entire universe has been irrevocably shaped by the lens, we most readily think of photography as indexical, visually recording the life around us and the lives we lead, and we've thought of photography as such ever since it was formally introduced. By the end of the 19th entury that introduction had relieved painting and sculpture of their own lexical duties, allowing them to become self-referential disciplines wherein experi-

mentation could, even needed to be, indulged. From the first, photography has tried to keep up with such experimentation; but its social burden – heightened rather than diminished by the introduction of (supposedly) more effective cameratic media such as cinema, video, and even the cellphone camera — has always compromised appreciation of its inherent artistic qualities. From its birth, after all, photography has been the most sentimental of art forms, because it is the most direct (well, the least indirect). Like the family dog, or horse, it has always been harnessed to our sense of our world – our preferred sense, as in family albums, and our exterior sense, as in news photography.

Given the complexity of his own life, life as a politician, life as an aircraft pilot, Dassault certainly appreciates the function of photography as the "medium of record." But — perhaps in a gesture of solidarity with his fellow professionals — he leaves that function to press photographers. He wields a camera in order to consort with artists rather than with documentarians. There is enough sentiment, or at least drama, involved in running a country or even in flying a plane. Dassault does not want to generate more excitement, he wants to generate more elegance, more beauty, almost as respite from negotiating political matters or the skies.

You might note that Dassault titles, or at least accompanies, his images with exactly the kind of data specificity he eschews in those images. He does so out of an impulse neither dutiful nor ironic, but aesthetic in its own right — and hardly unique to him. His most direct predecessors, postwar American photographers such as Aaron Siskind and Harry Callahan for instance, were similarly wont to demystify their otherwise open-ended, painterly imagery with annotative titles. By providing the approximate circumstances of the image — the city, the nature of the structure, the month and year – Dassault allows the picture to stay real even as it settles into formal repose. In this way he returns a soupçon of the mundane to a picture that could otherwise have receded from palpability entirely. He does not want to make a recondite art, untouched by reality; he wants to make a real art, touched by a hint of the other-worldly. Dassault regards purity of vision not as a goal, but as a fleeting condition. We see the work as an image unto itself; then we ascertain revealing details; then we note that the picture was shot in Belgium or Marrakesh or Palm Springs, places we may already know. All of a sudden, the exquisite remove of the non-objective image

is pierced by the possibility of proximity. I've been to Palm Springs! I know that light! I know that kind of window!

Olivier Dassault may deserve our admiration for his devotion to several discrete vocations and avocations, all of them remarkable. But he earns our admiration for producing photographs that stop us in our tracks. They tell us about our world by flushing out so much that is extraneous to the process of looking itself. Actually, what they tell us about most is LOOKING. These photographs are lessons in how to see — how Dassault sees through his camera, and how we see what he has seen as self-sustaining apparitions. As noted, these photographs fit neatly into an extant genre of photography that hews closely to modernist pictorial practice, albeit a practice associated most closely with painting. The photographs are impressive, however, not primarily for doing what abstract paintings do, but for doing what paintings AND photographs do without collapsing into decorative solutions or overworn tropes.

These images do not glibly adorn walls; they are handsome, but not conventionally so. Nor do they rely inordinately on their artistic predecessors; they conjure geometric painting, painterly abstraction, and earlier abstract photography and, to be sure, borrow from them all. But Dassault's photographs borrow knowingly, slyly, even wittily, prompting the viewer not to label them Klee-like or Manessier-like but to walk away from them with a pleasant and familiar taste in the eye. And they do not feel easy, easily realized (technically or aesthetically) or easily taken in: even at their calmest, their most luxurious, their most voluptuous, they exude a formal rigor that, proper to the values of non-objective art, parallels and propounds an intellectual rigor. These photographs make the mind as well as the world seem a little bit clearer, a little bit more balanced, and thus a little bit more hopeful. In its exploration of the visual logic of the present tense, Dassault's photography infers that much less dire a future.

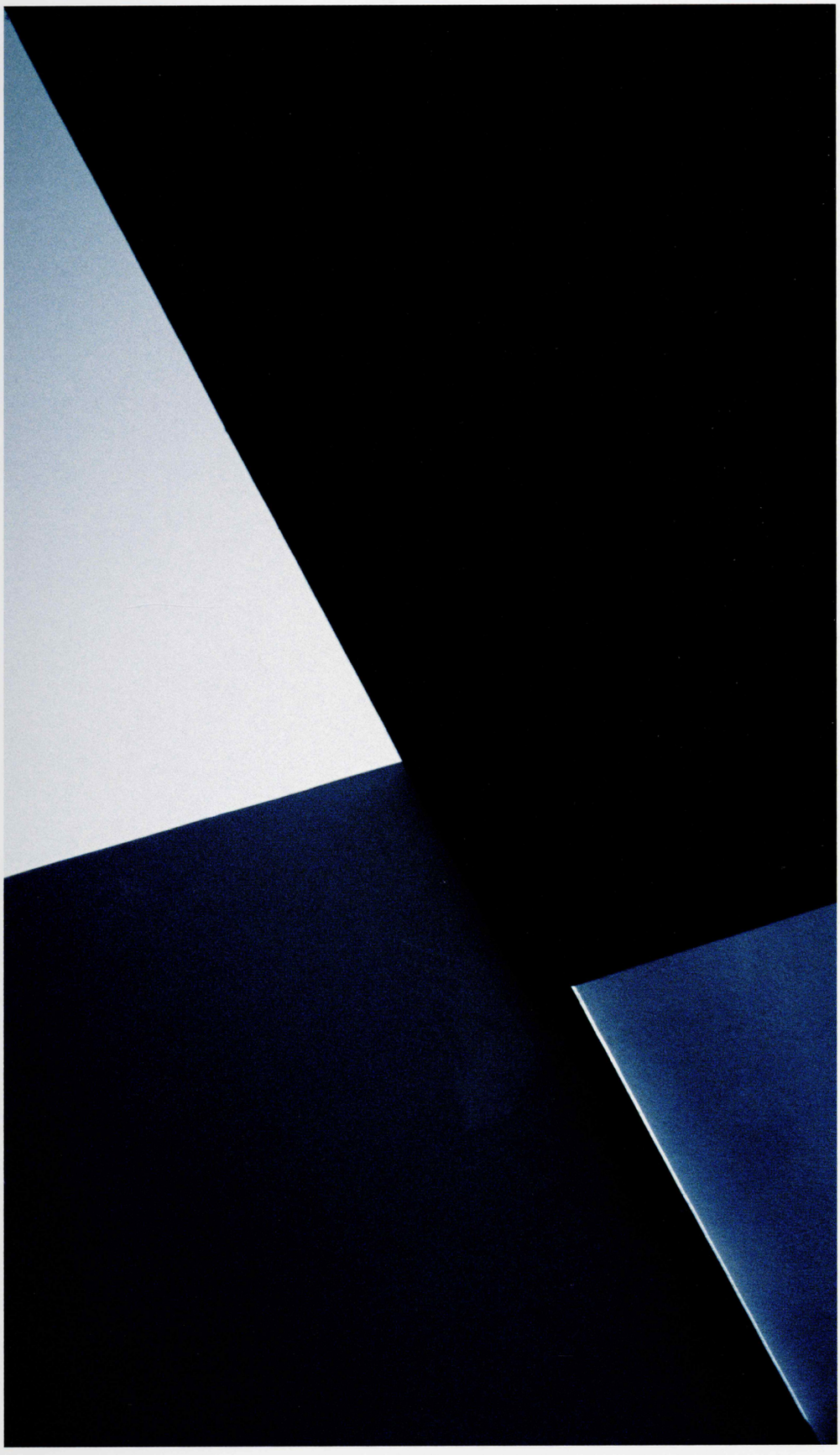
Peter Frank is a Los Angeles-based writer and curator. He is Associate Editor of *Fabrik* magazine and critic for the *Huffington Post*. He has served as Senior Curator at the Riverside Art Museum and as Editor of *THEmagazine Los Angeles* and *Visions Art Quarterly*. In his native New York Frank was critic for the *SoHo Weekly News* and the *Village Voice*.

plates

Focus Rencontre intemporelle

plate 1

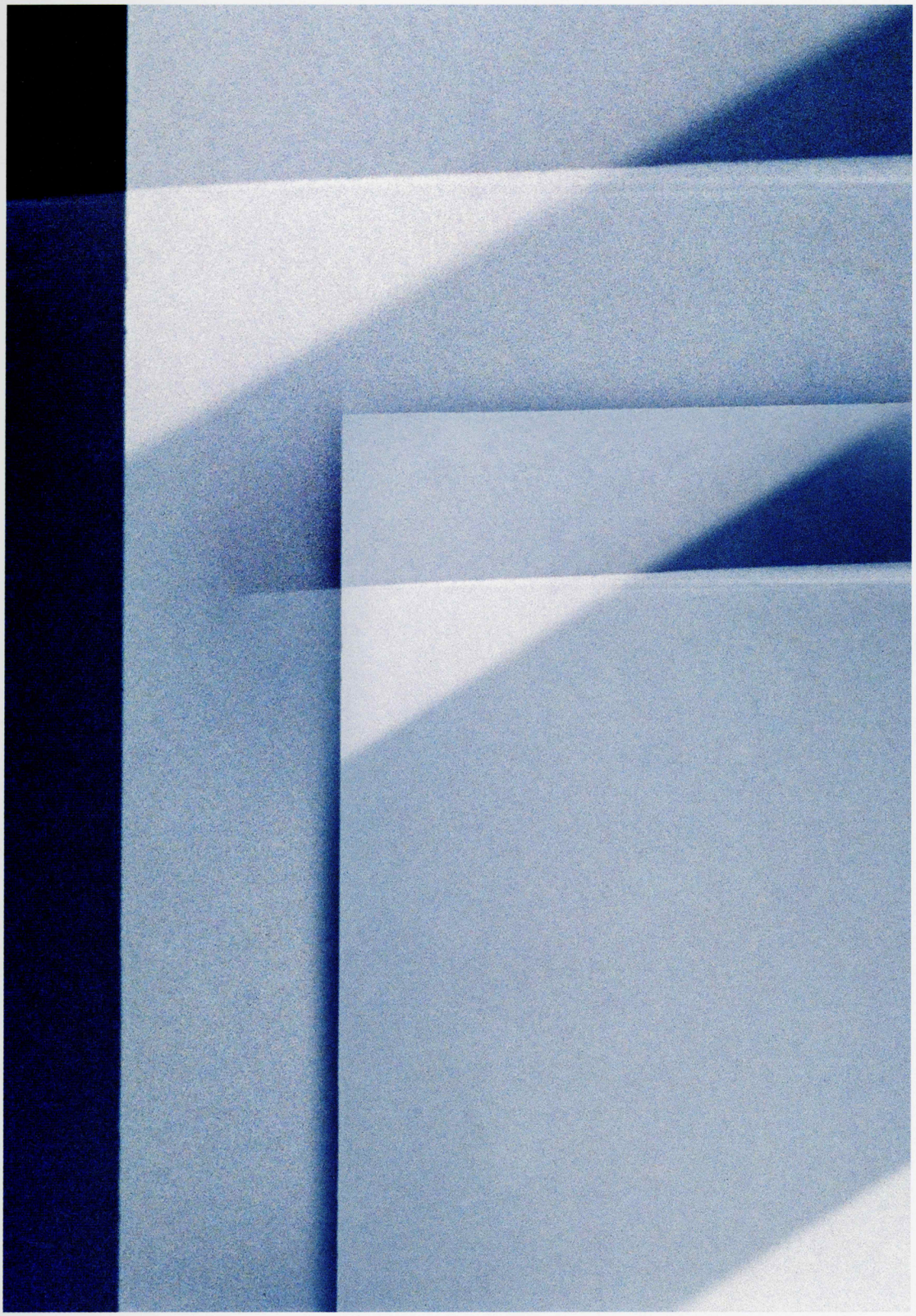
2013 digital fine art print paper dimensions 44 3/4 x 28 1/4 in; 114 x 72 cm
image dimensions 39 3/8 x 22 3/4 in; 100 x 58 cm



Quadrangle

plate 2

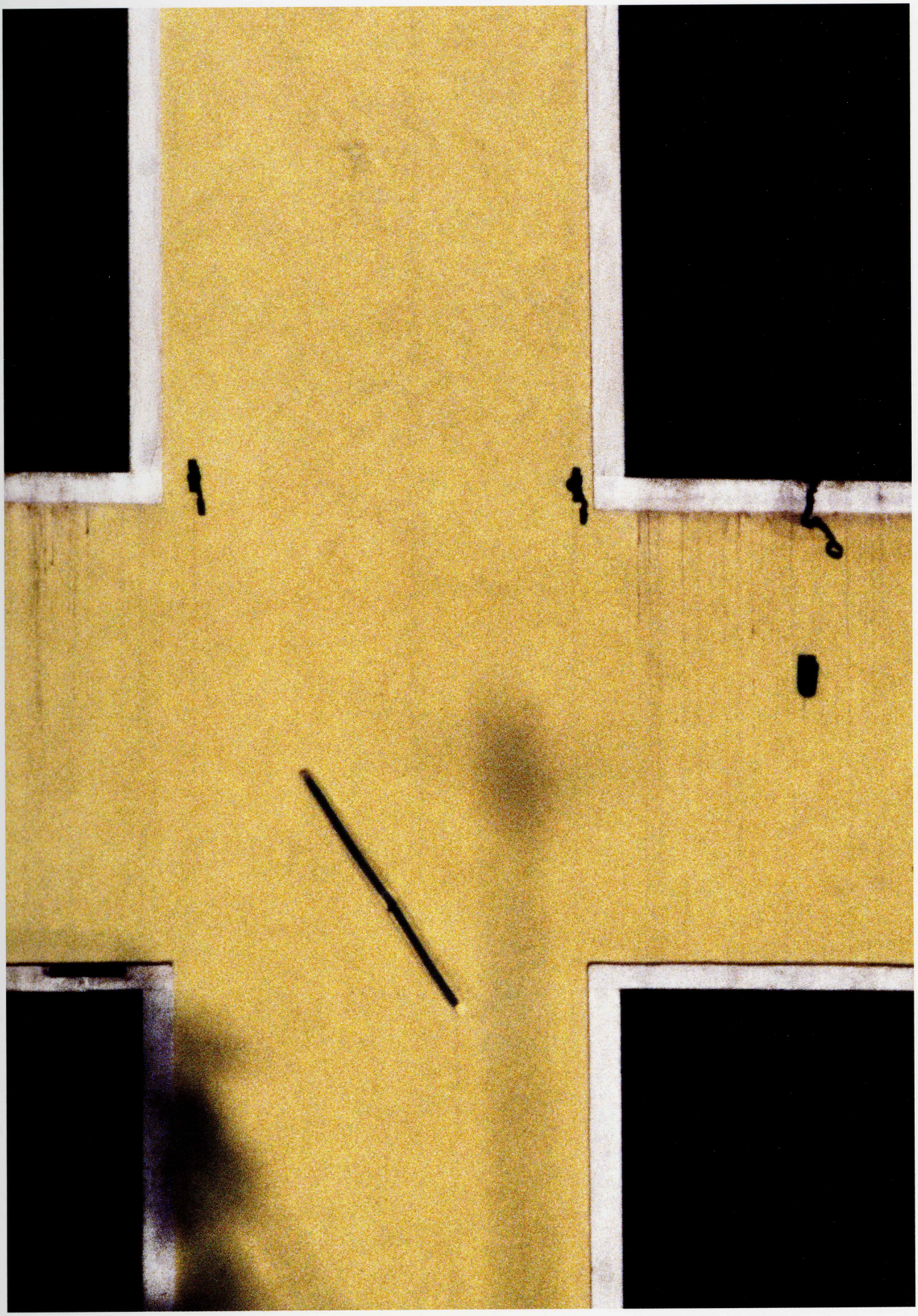
2013 digital fine art print paper dimensions 35 1/4 x 26 1/4 in; 90 x 67 cm
image dimensions 29 3/4 x 21 in; 75.6 x 53.3 cm



Casa chiudere

plate 3

2013 digital fine art print paper dimensions 44 3/4 x 33 in; 113.7 x 84 cm
image dimensions 39 3/8 x 27 1/2 in; 100 x 70 cm



Vis à Vis

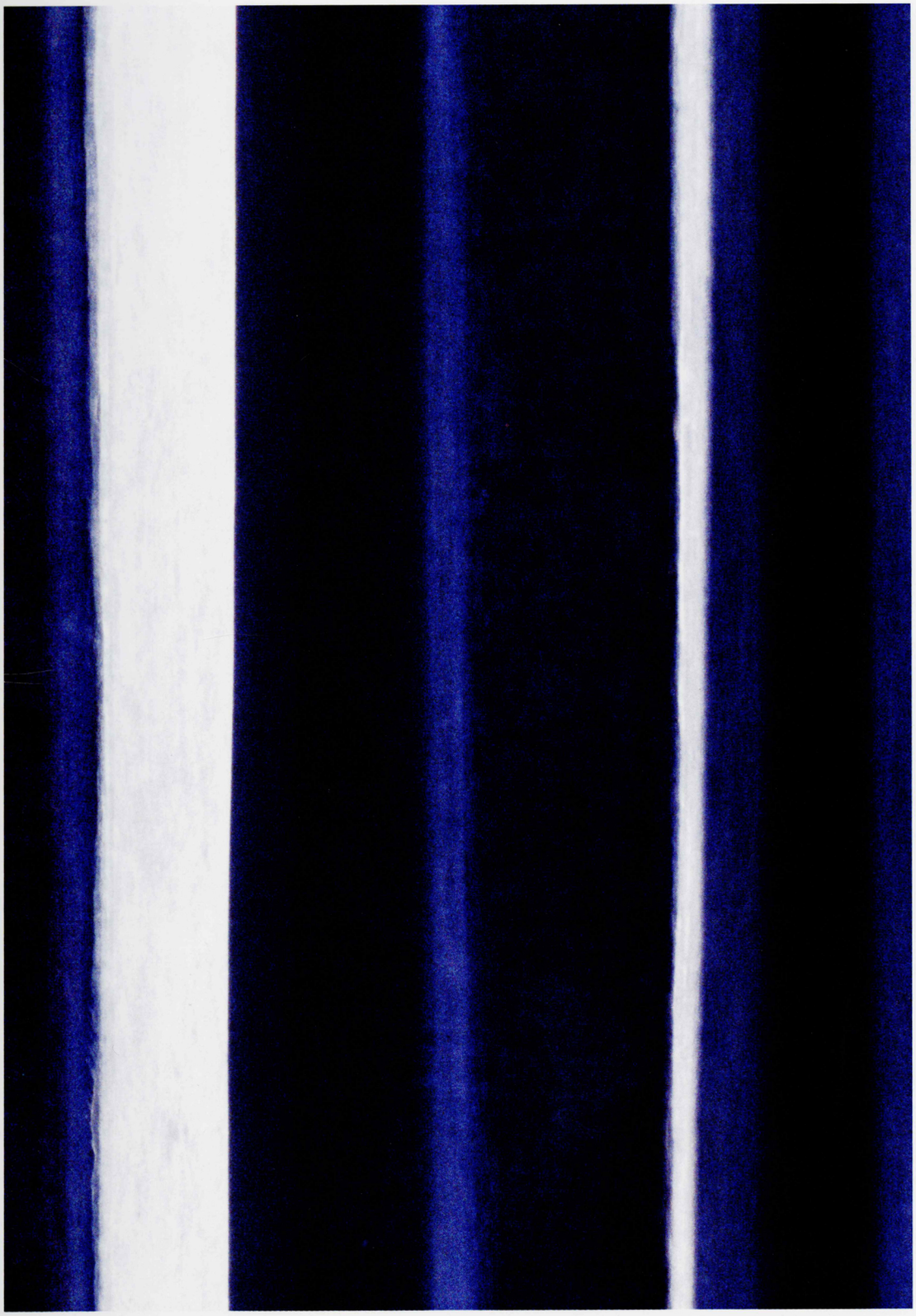
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 33 x 44 3/4 in; 83.8 x 113.7 cm
image dimensions 27 1/2 x 39 3/8 in; 70 x 100 cm

plate 4

Muret Bleu

plate 5

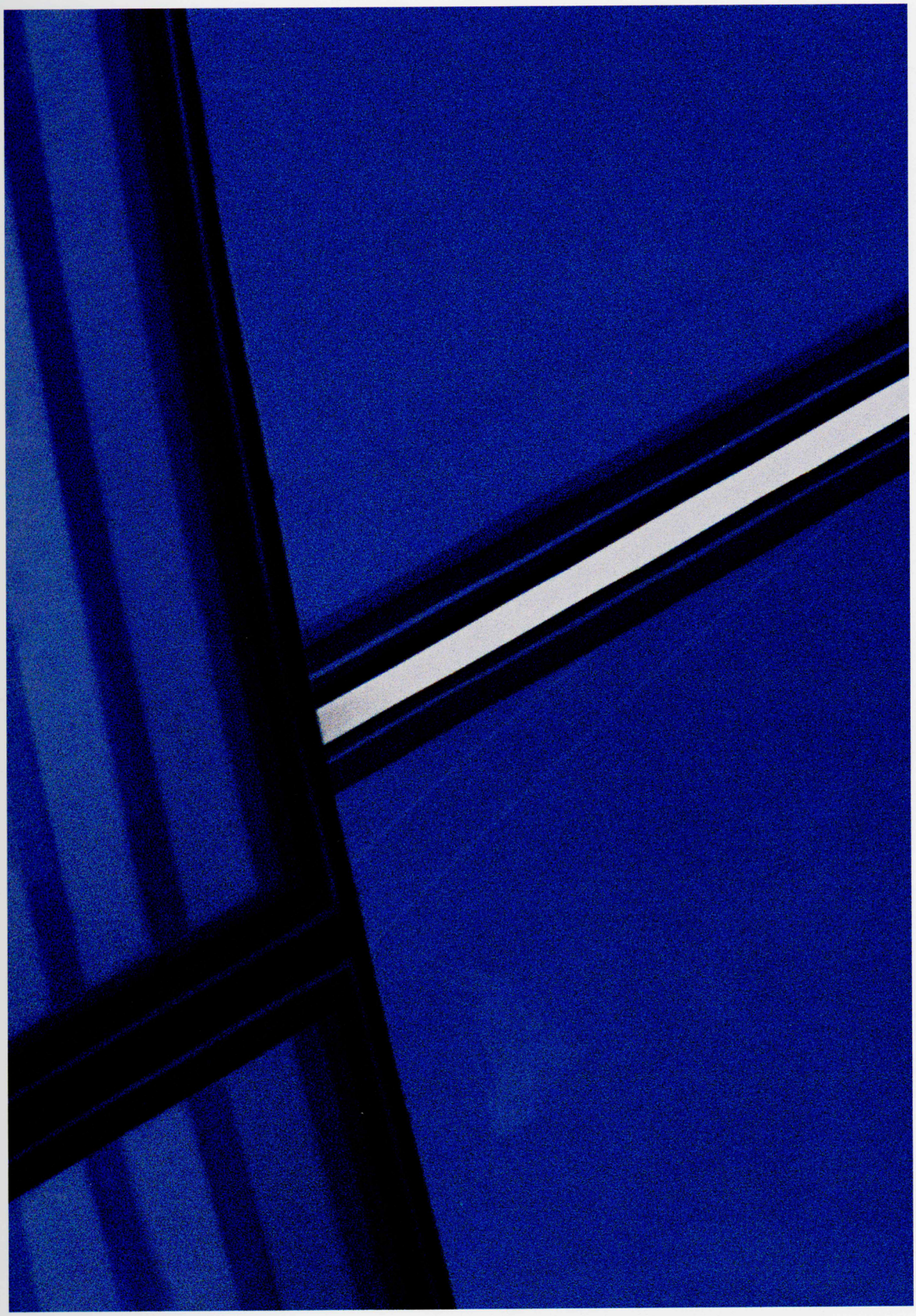
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 29 x 21 in; 74 x 54 cm
image dimensions 23 1/2 x 15 3/4 in; 60 x 40 cm



Urbanisme

plate 6

2014 digital fine art print paper dimensions 37 x 27 1/2 in; 94 x 70 cm
image dimensions 31 1/2 x 22 in; 80 x 56 cm



Entrevue

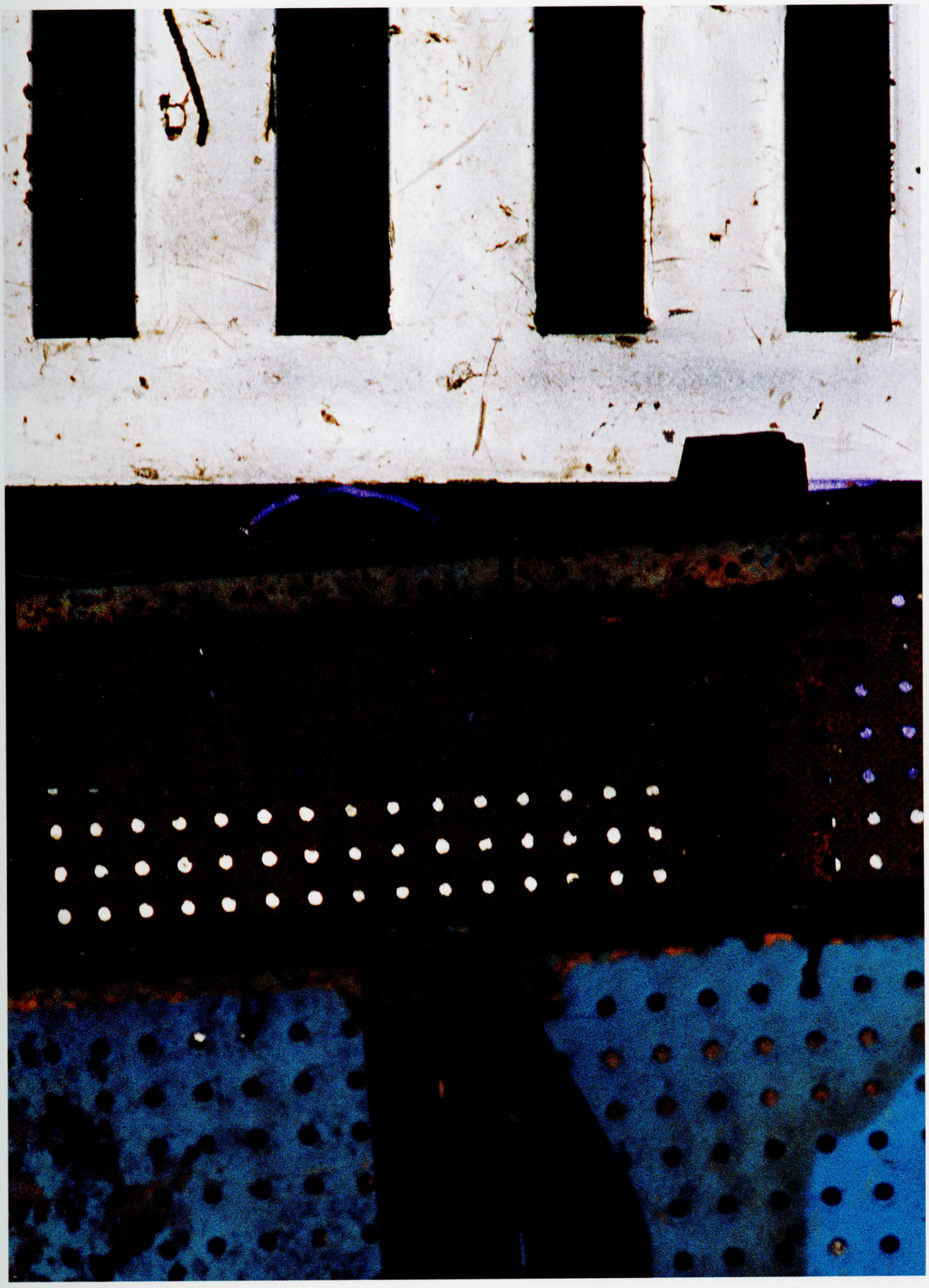
plate 7

2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 44 3/4 x 34 1/2 in; 113.7 x 87.6 cm
image dimensions 39 3/8 x 29 in; 100 x 74 cm

Fragements perforés

plate 8

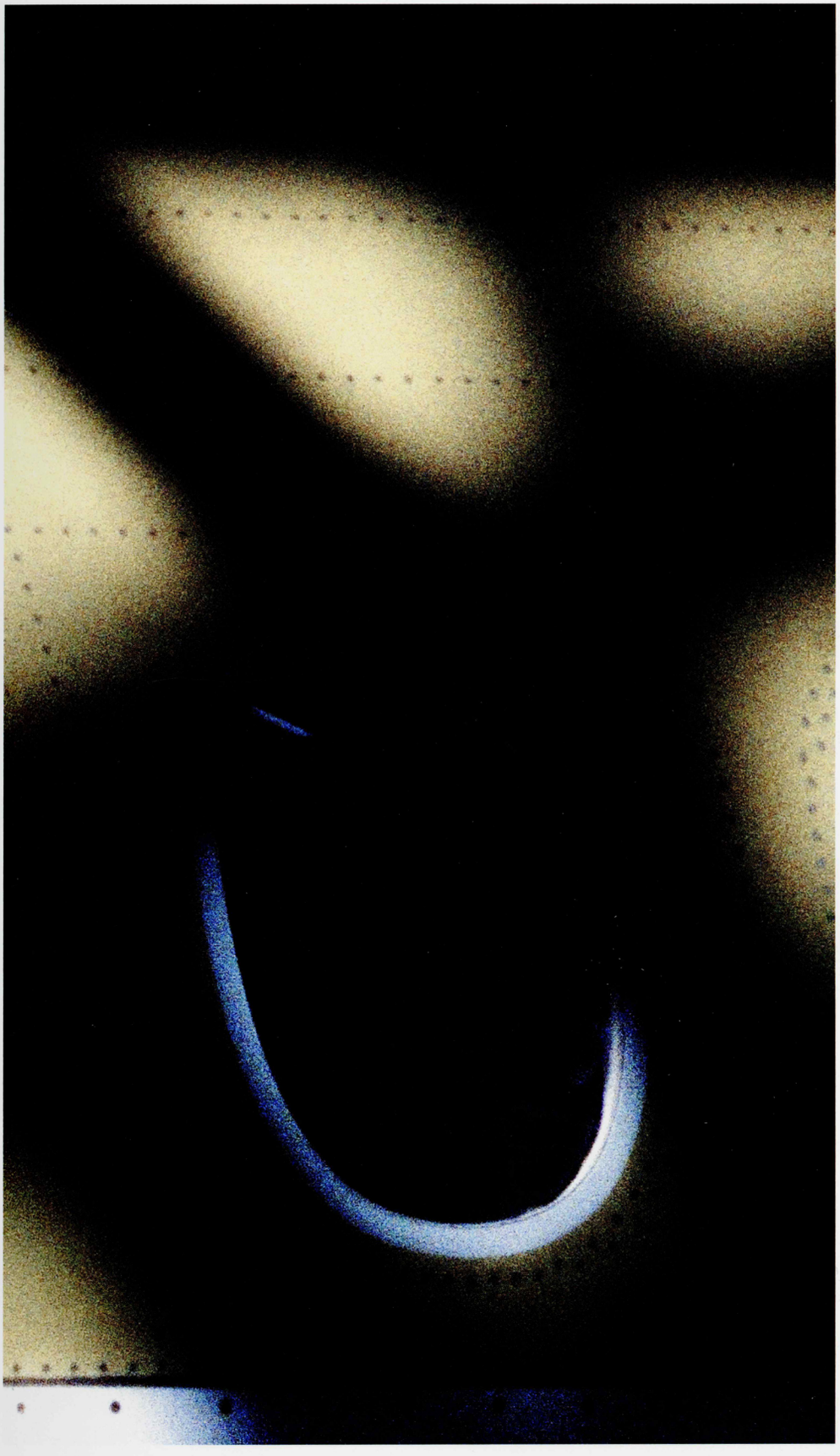
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 48 5/8 x 37 in; 124 x 94 cm
image dimensions 43 1/4 x 31 1/2 in; 110 x 80 cm



Montage

plate 9

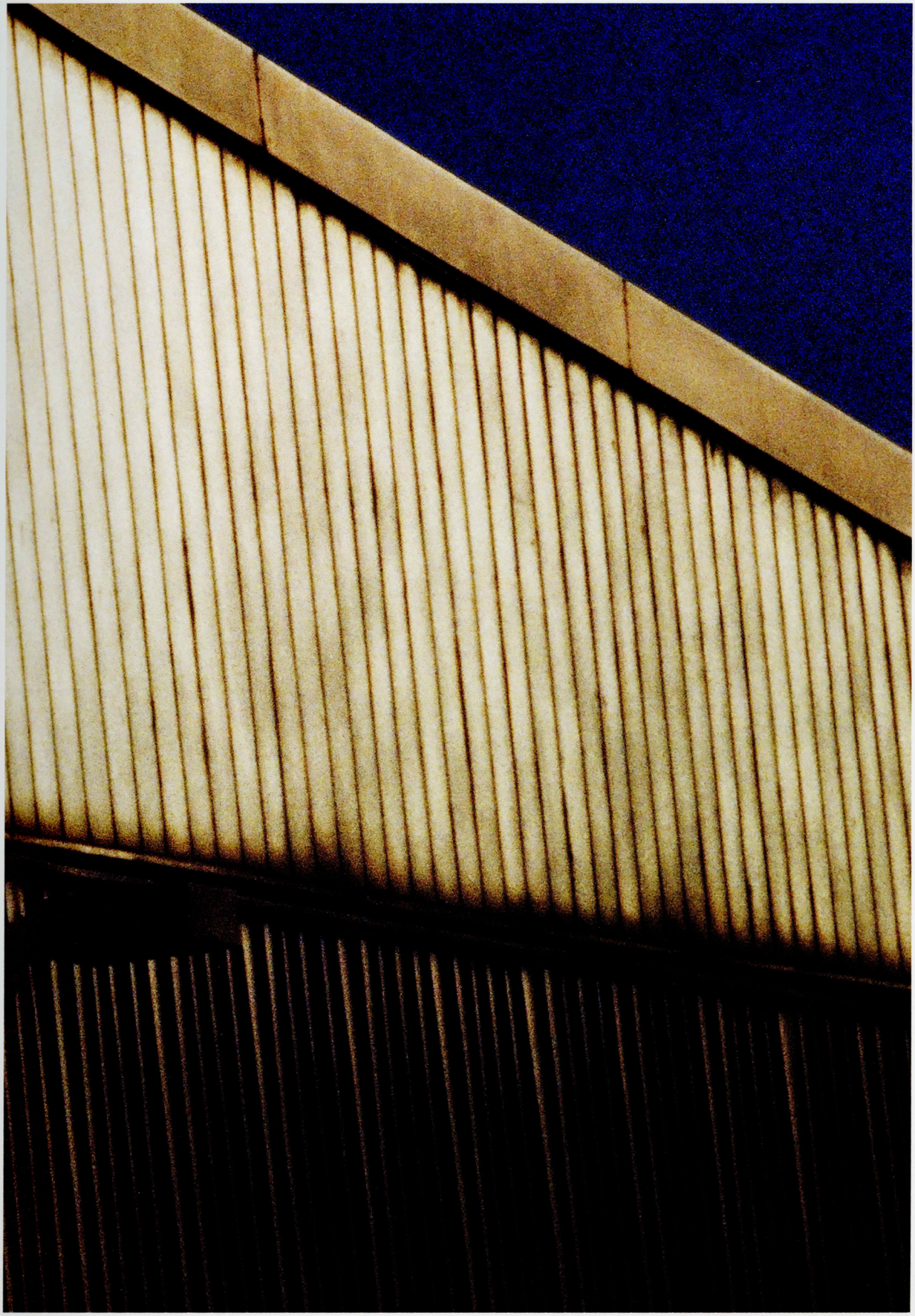
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 37 x 23 1/2 in; 94 x 59.7 cm
image dimensions 31 1/2 x 18 in; 80 x 46 cm



Aerodrome

plate 10

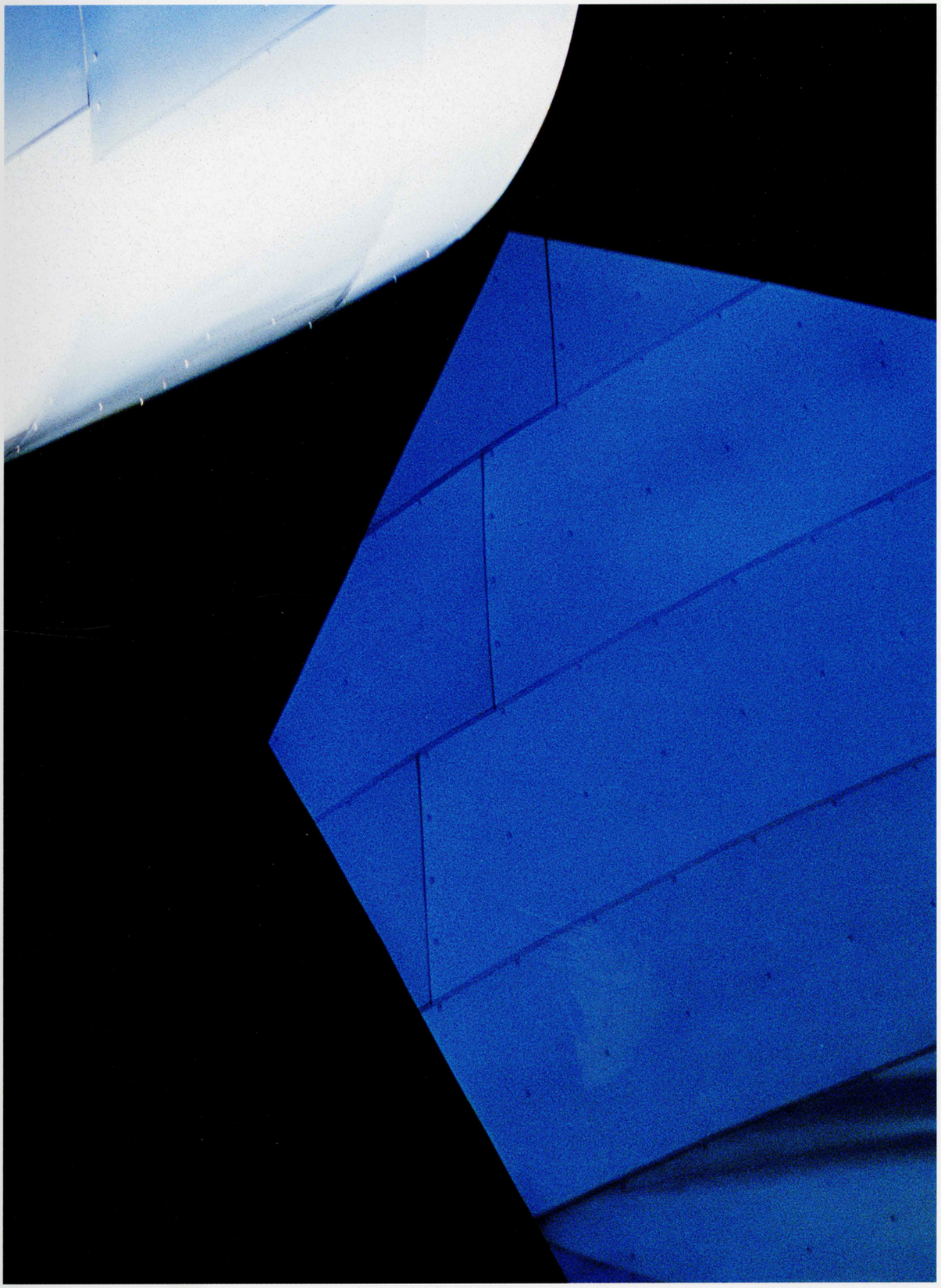
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 44 5/8 x 33 in; 113.3 x 83.8 cm
image dimensions 39 3/8 x 27 1/2 in; 100 x 70 cm



Edifice

plate 11

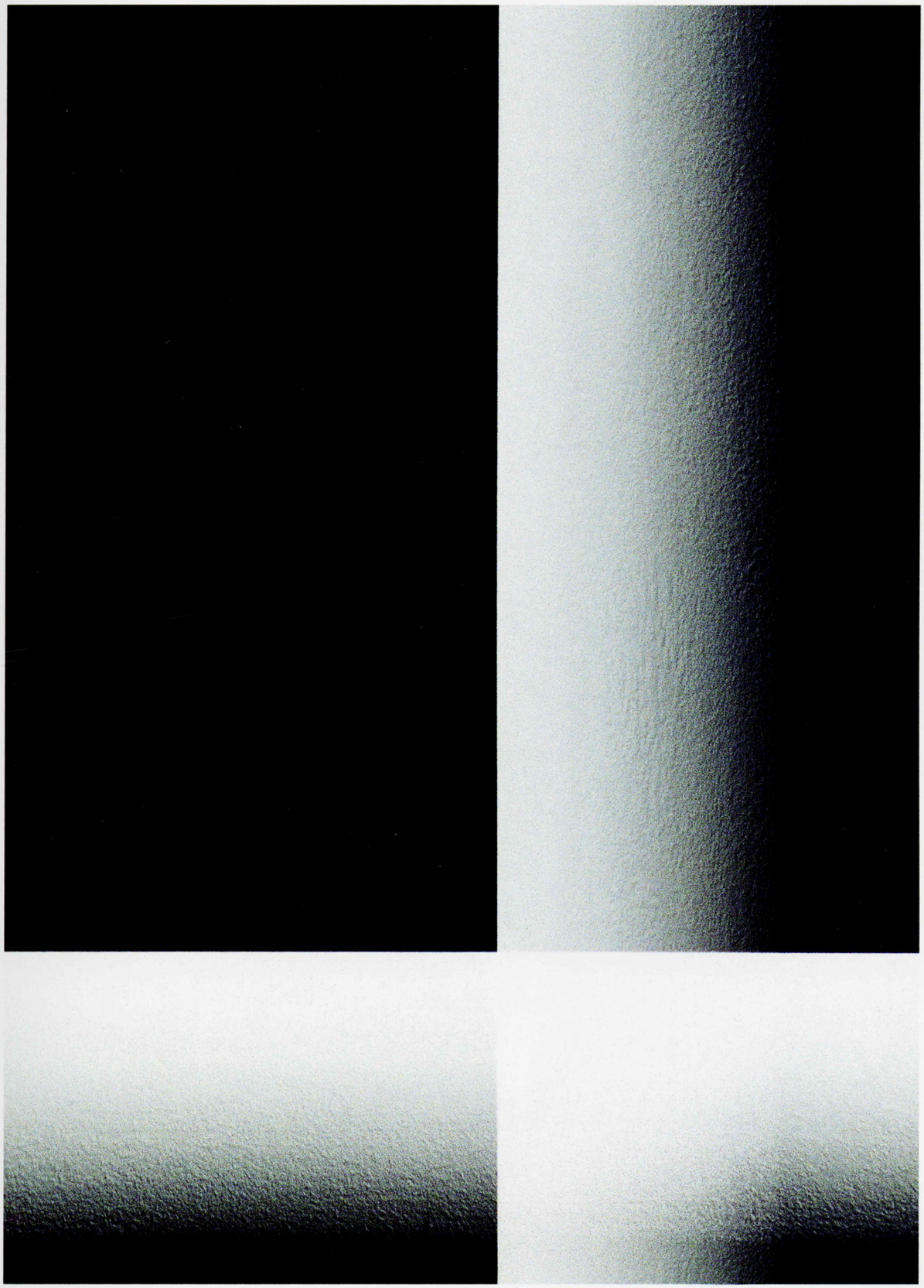
2013 digital fine art print paper dimensions 37 x 28 1/8 in; 94 x 71.5 cm
image dimensions 31 1/2 x 22.9 in; 80 x 58 cm



Institution française

plate 12

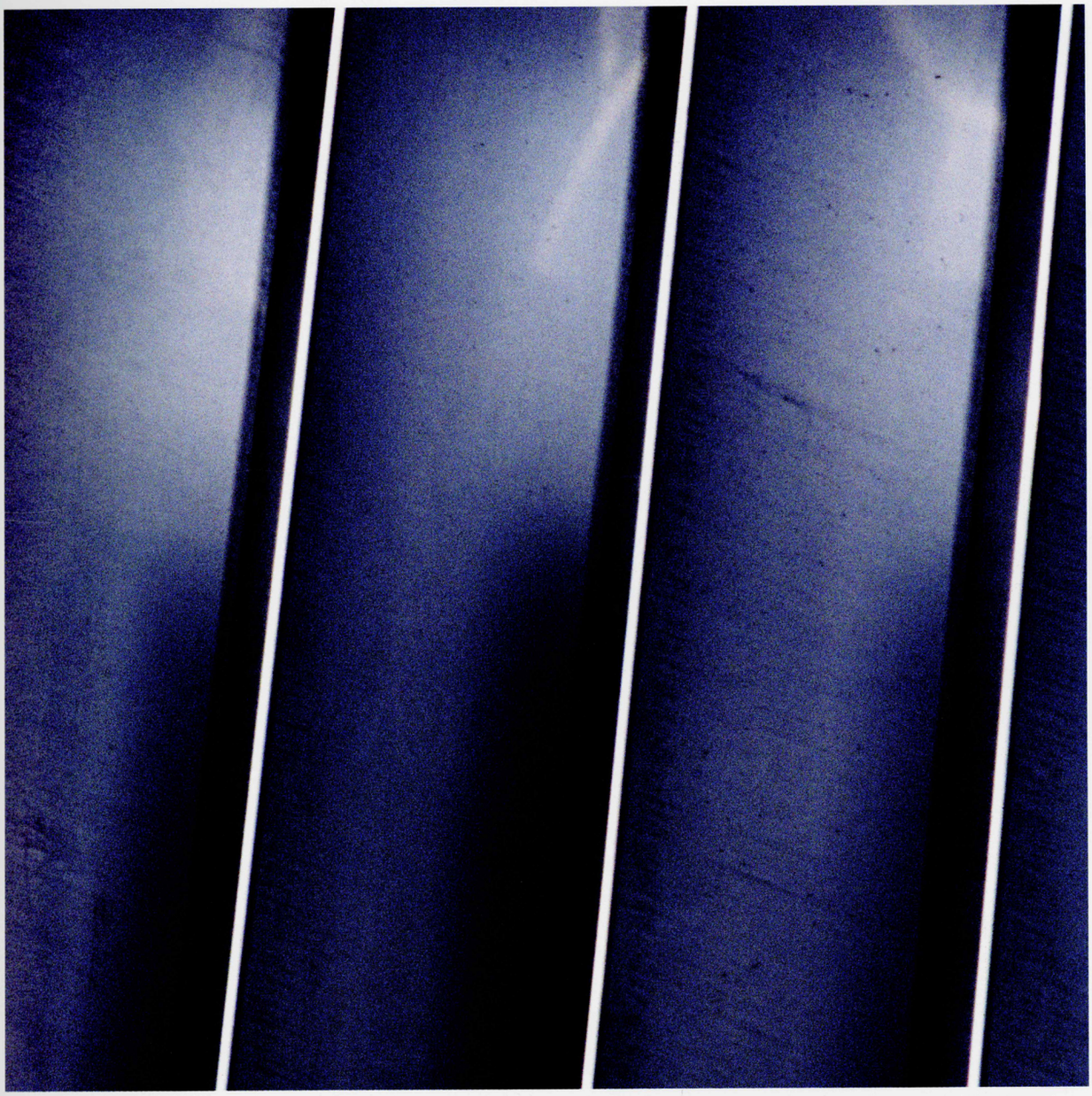
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 44 5/8 x 33 1/2 in; 114 x 85.1 cm
image dimensions 39 5/8 x 28 1/8 in; 100 x 71.5 cm



Archi Fréquence

plate 13

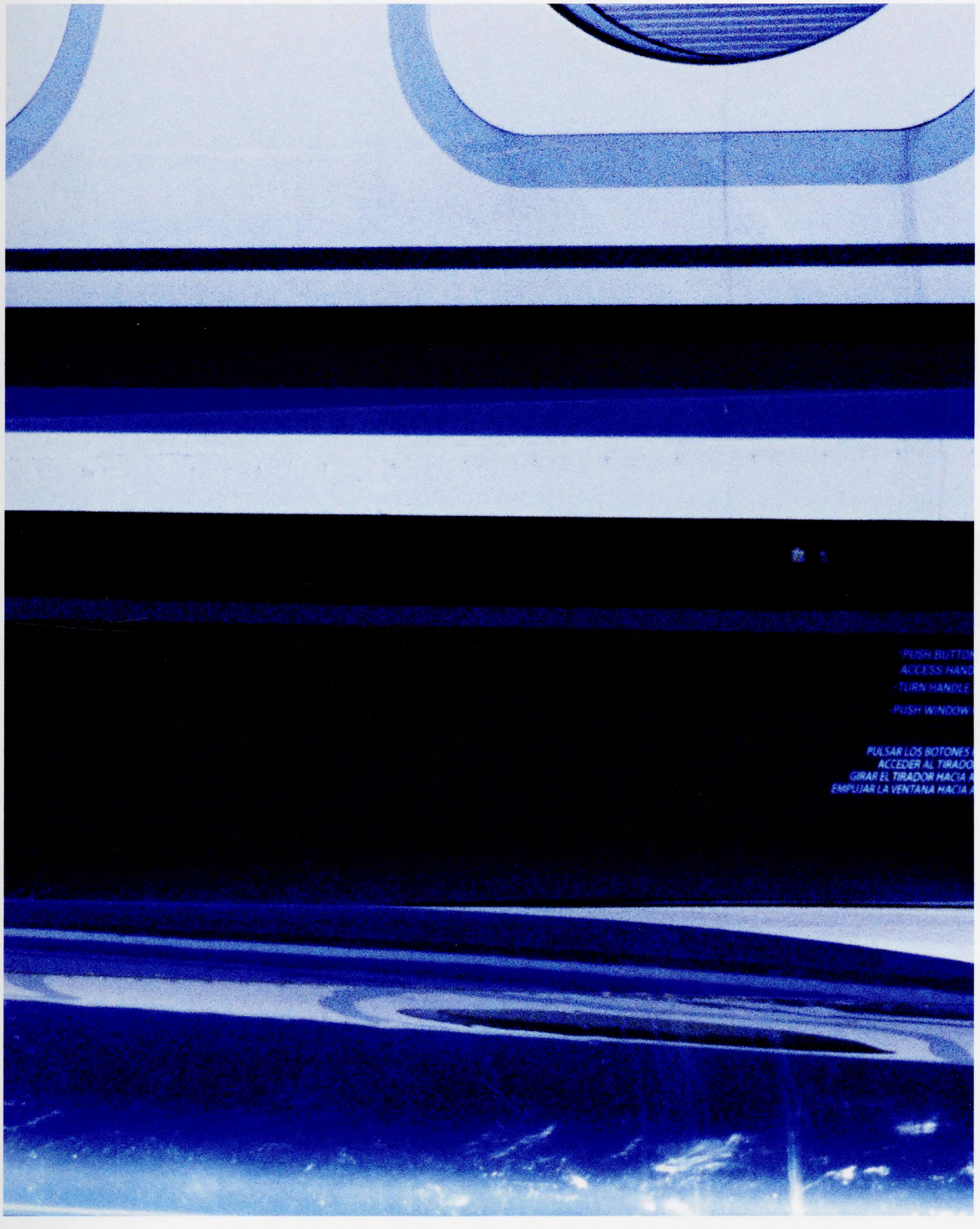
2014 digital fine art print paper dimensions 31 1/2 x 31 1/2 in; 80 x 80 cm
image dimensions 26 x 26 in; 66 x 66 cm



Embarquement

plate 14

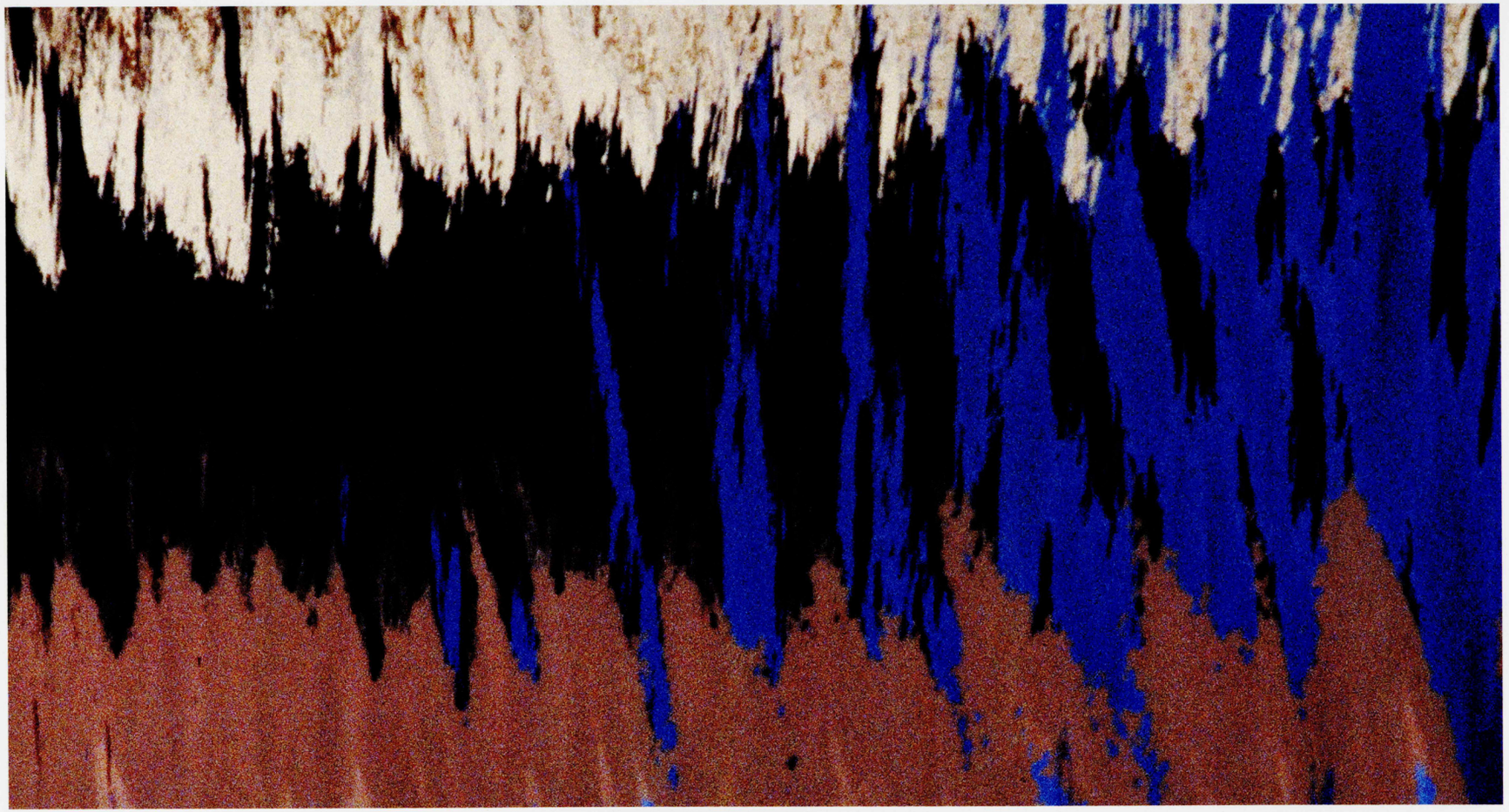
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 25 x 21 1/8 in; 63.5 x 53.7 cm
image dimensions 19 3/4 x 15 3/4 in; 50 x 40 cm


-PUSH BUTTON
ACCESS HAND
-TURN HANDLE
-PUSH WINDOW
PULSAR LOS BOTONES
ACCEDER AL TIRADO
GIRAR EL TIRADOR HACIA
EMPUJAR LA VENTANA HACIA

Répercussion II

plate 15

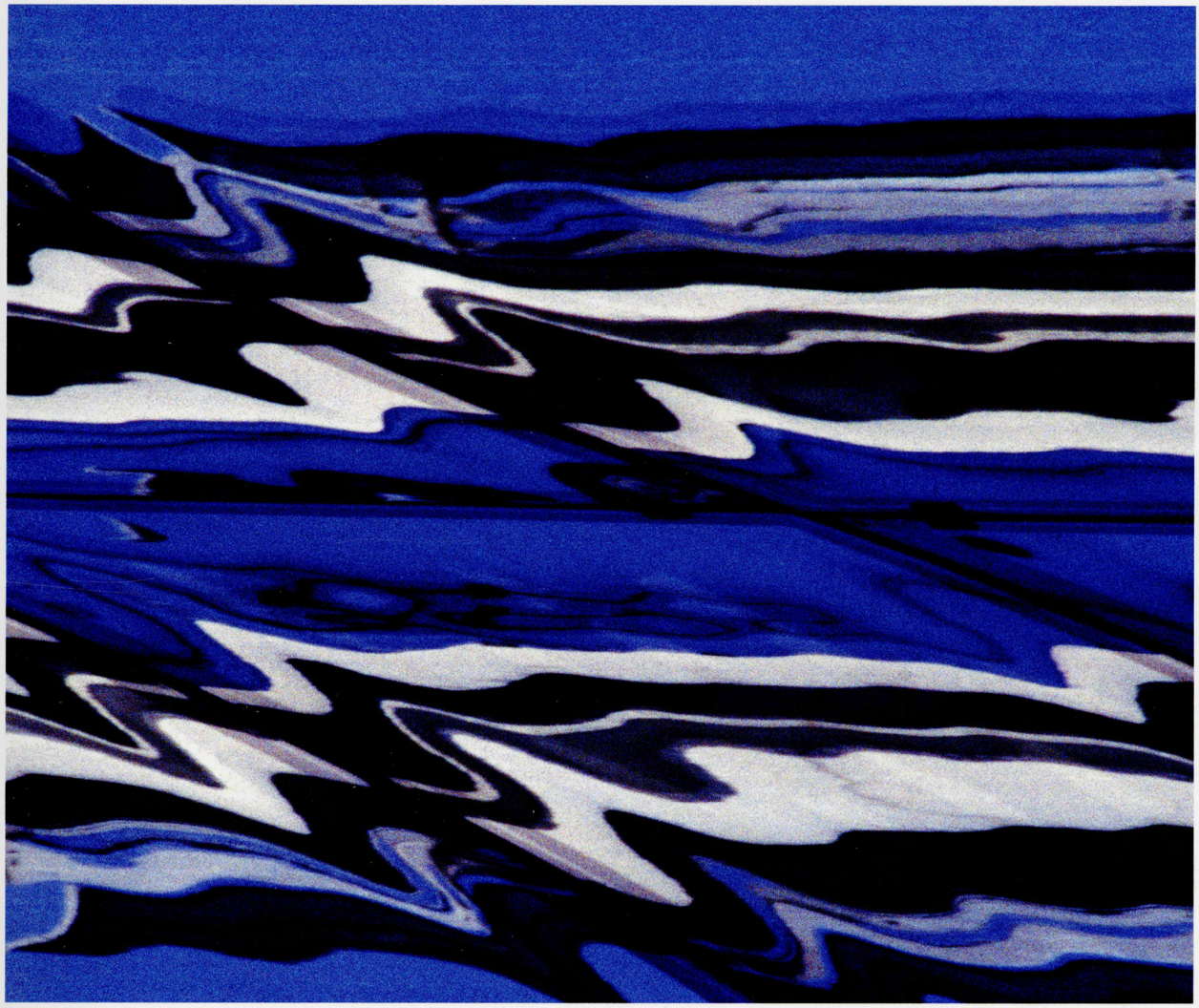
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 44 5/8 x 26.5 in; 113.5 x 66.8 cm
image dimensions 39 3/8 x 21 in; 100 x 53 cm



Parodie

2014 digital fine art print paper dimensions 29 x 33 in; 73.7 x 84 cm
image dimensions 23 5/8 x 27 1/2 in; 60 x 70 cm

plate 16



Etole de Maître

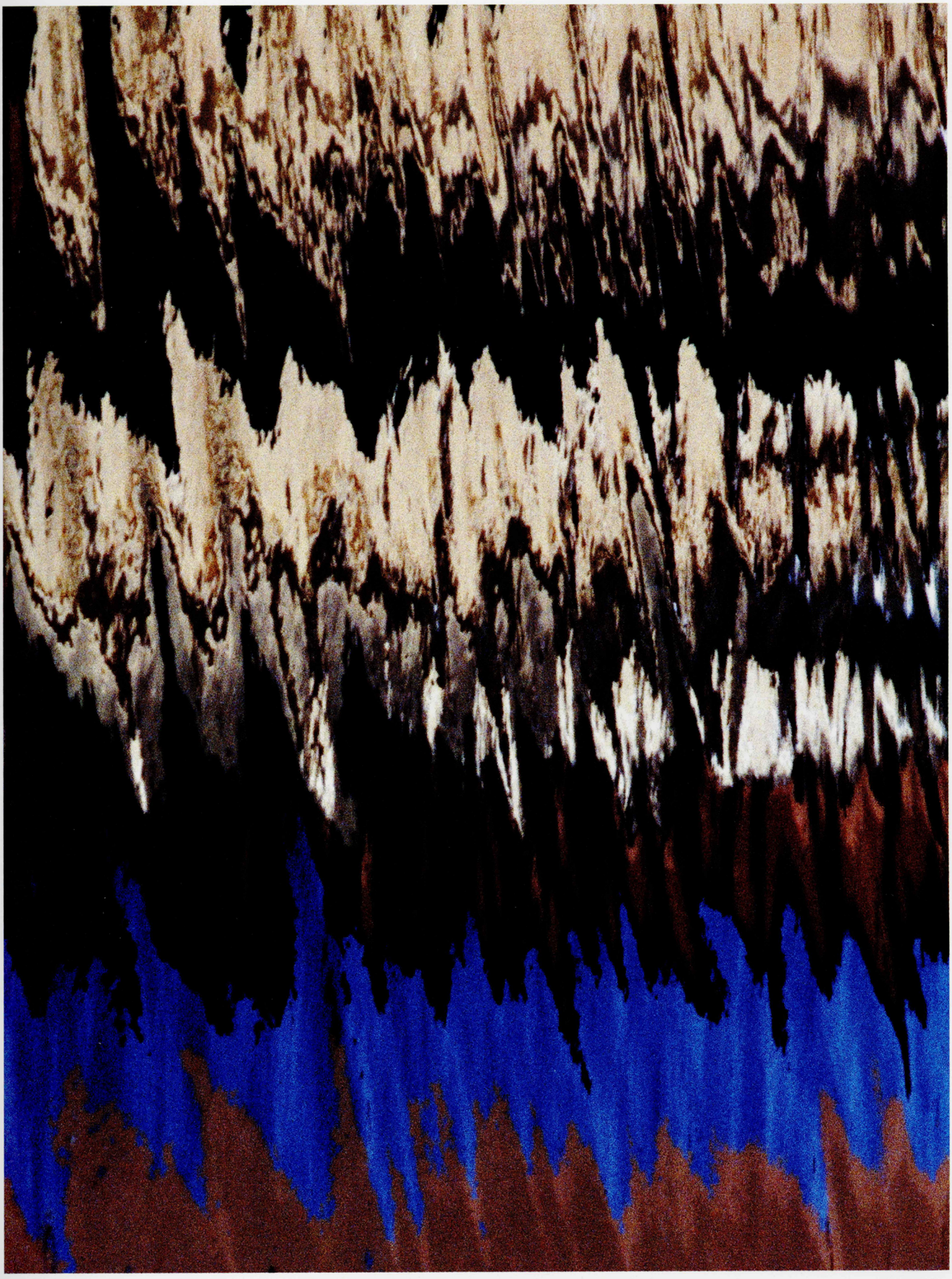
plate 17

2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 27 x 33 in; 68.6 x 84 cm
image dimensions 21 5/8 x 27 1/2 in; 55 x 70 cm

Répercussion I

plate 18

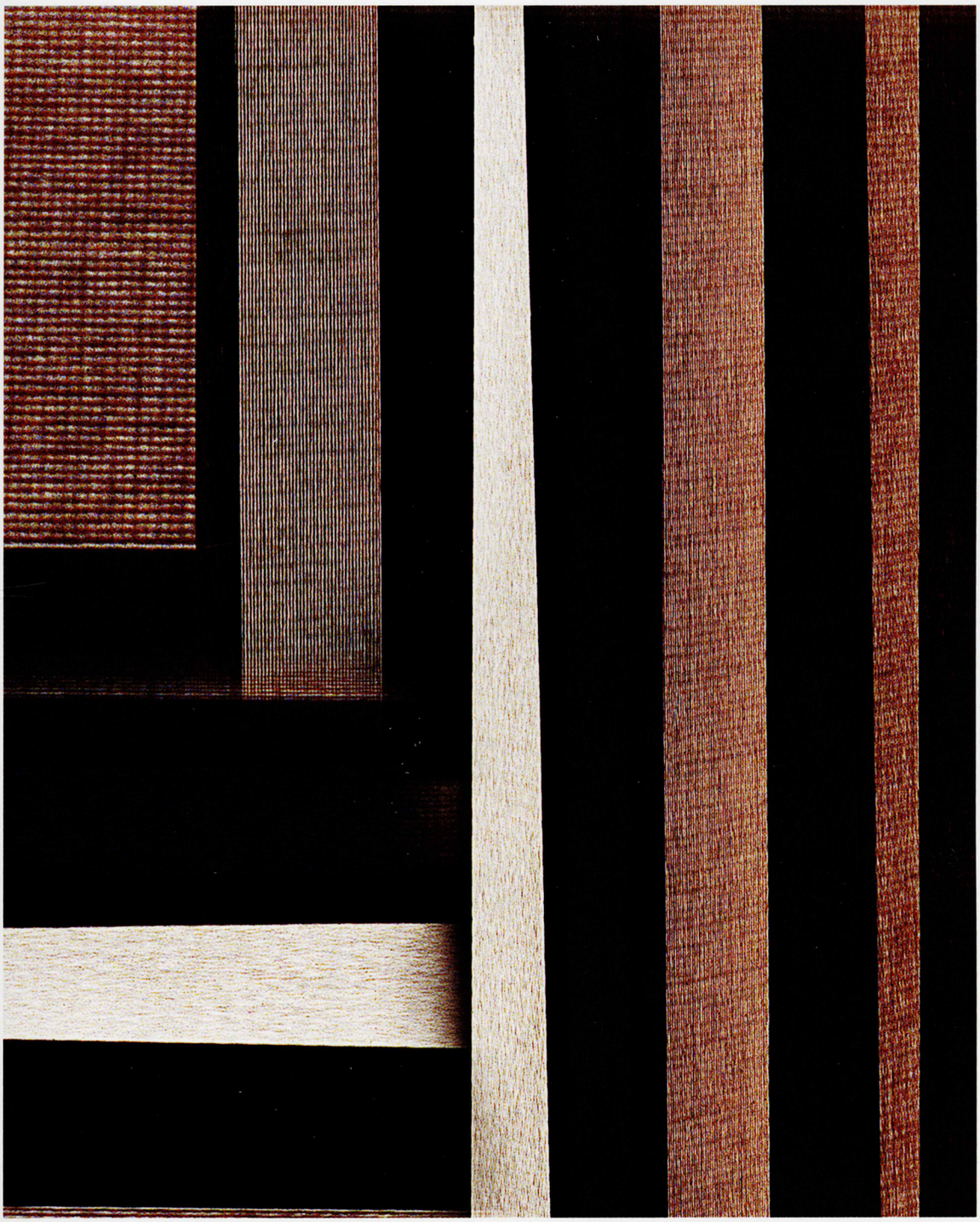
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 44 3/4 x 35 in; 113.5 x 89 cm
image dimensions 39 3/8 x 29 1/2 in; 100 x 75 cm



Tapisserie

plate 19

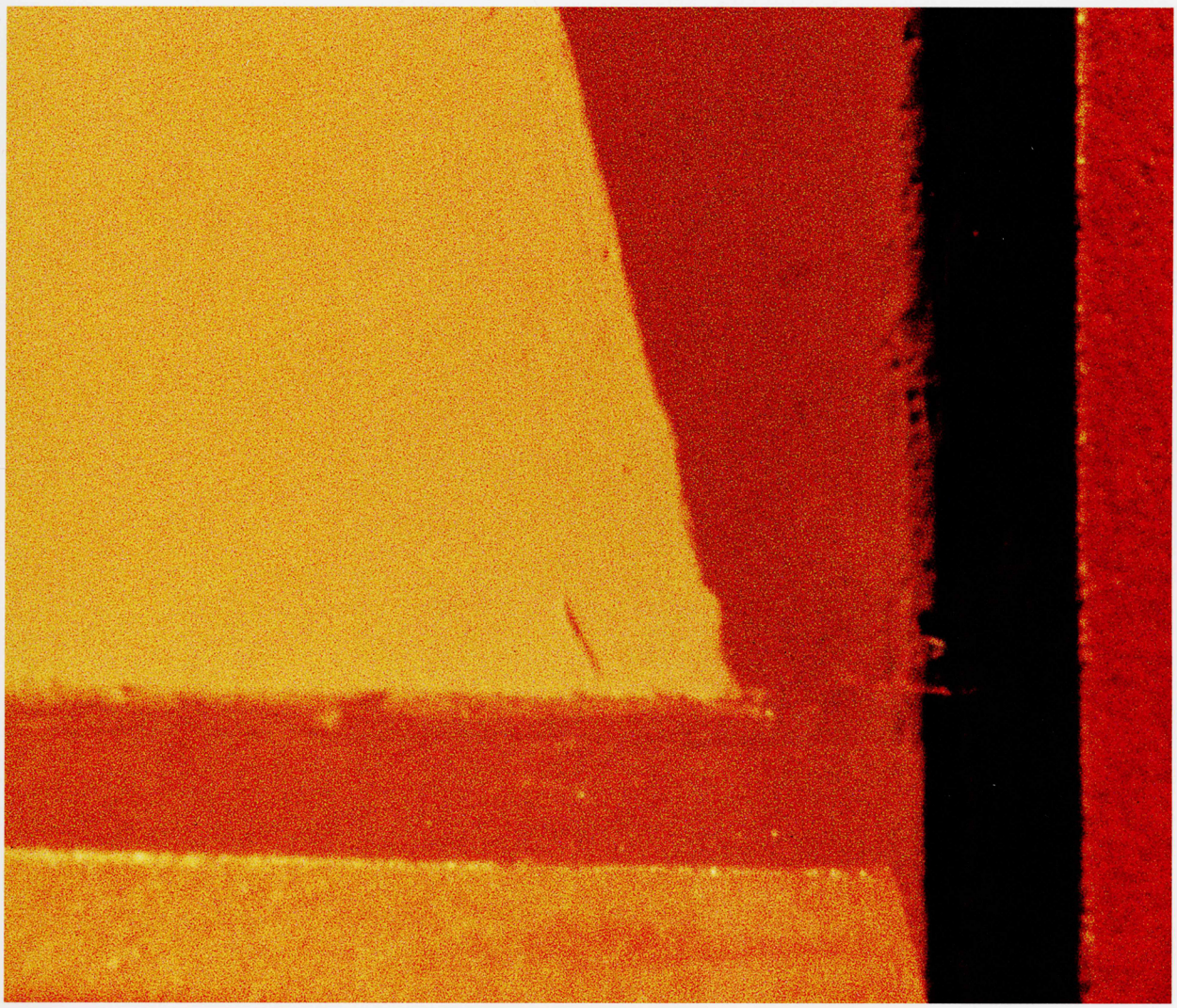
2014 digital fine art print paper dimensions 18 x 15 1/4 in; 46 x 39 cm
image dimensions 12 5/8 x 10 in; 32 x 25 cm



Orientation

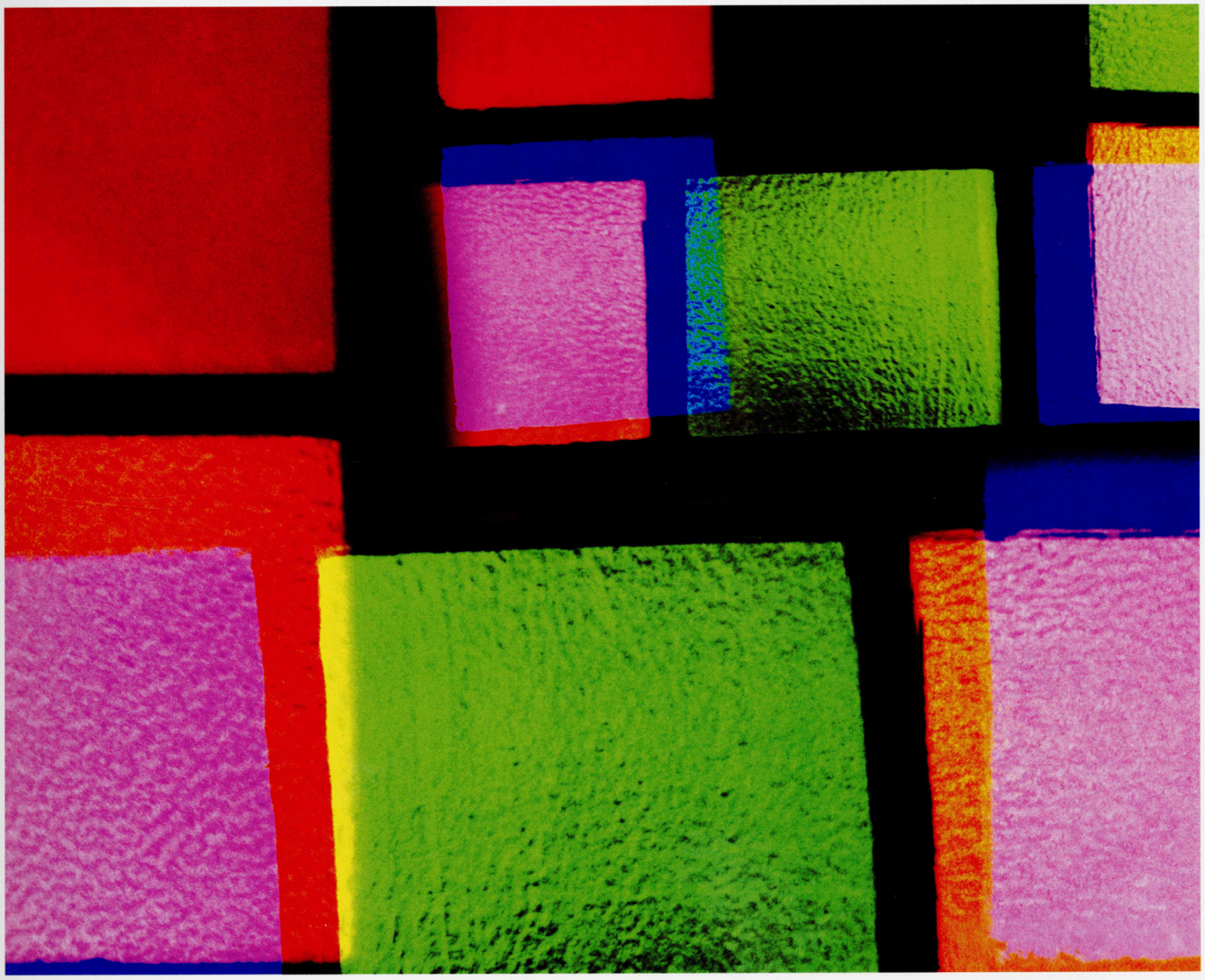
plate 20

2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 25 x 28 5/8 in; 63.5 x 72.7 cm
image dimensions 19 3/4 x 23 1/4 in; 50 x 60 cm



Gemmail plate 21

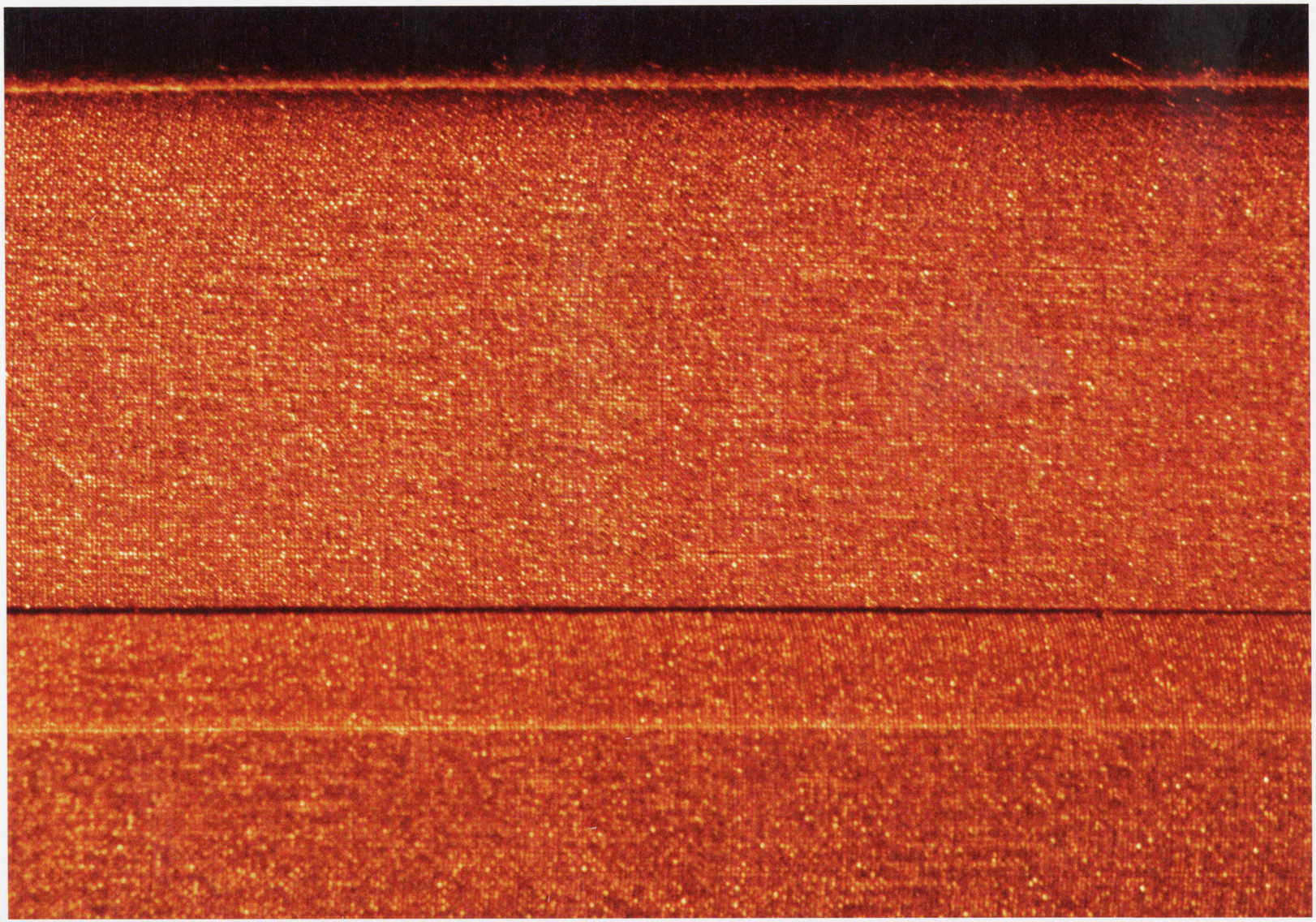
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 36 3/4 x 44 3/4 in; 93.3 x 114 cm
image dimensions 31 1/2 x 39 3/8 in; 80 x 100 cm



Rideau seventies

plate 22

2014 digital fine art print paper dimensions 25 x 19 1/4 in; 63.5 x 49 cm
image dimensions 19 1/2 x 13 3/4 in; 50 x 35 cm



Vitraux

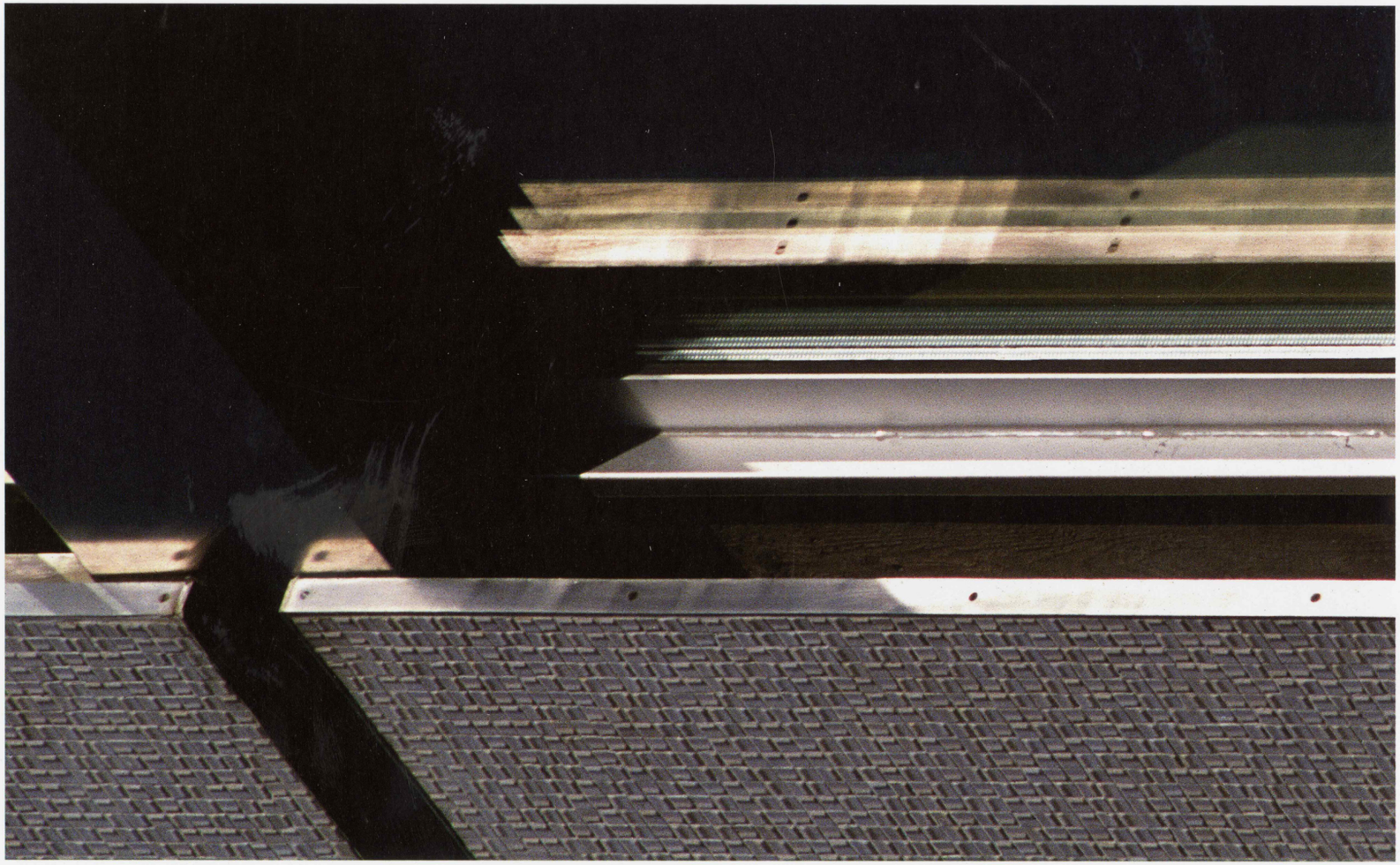
plate 23

2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 41 x 29 in; 104 x 74 cm
image dimensions 35 3/8 x 23 1/2 in; 90 x 60 cm

Vasistas

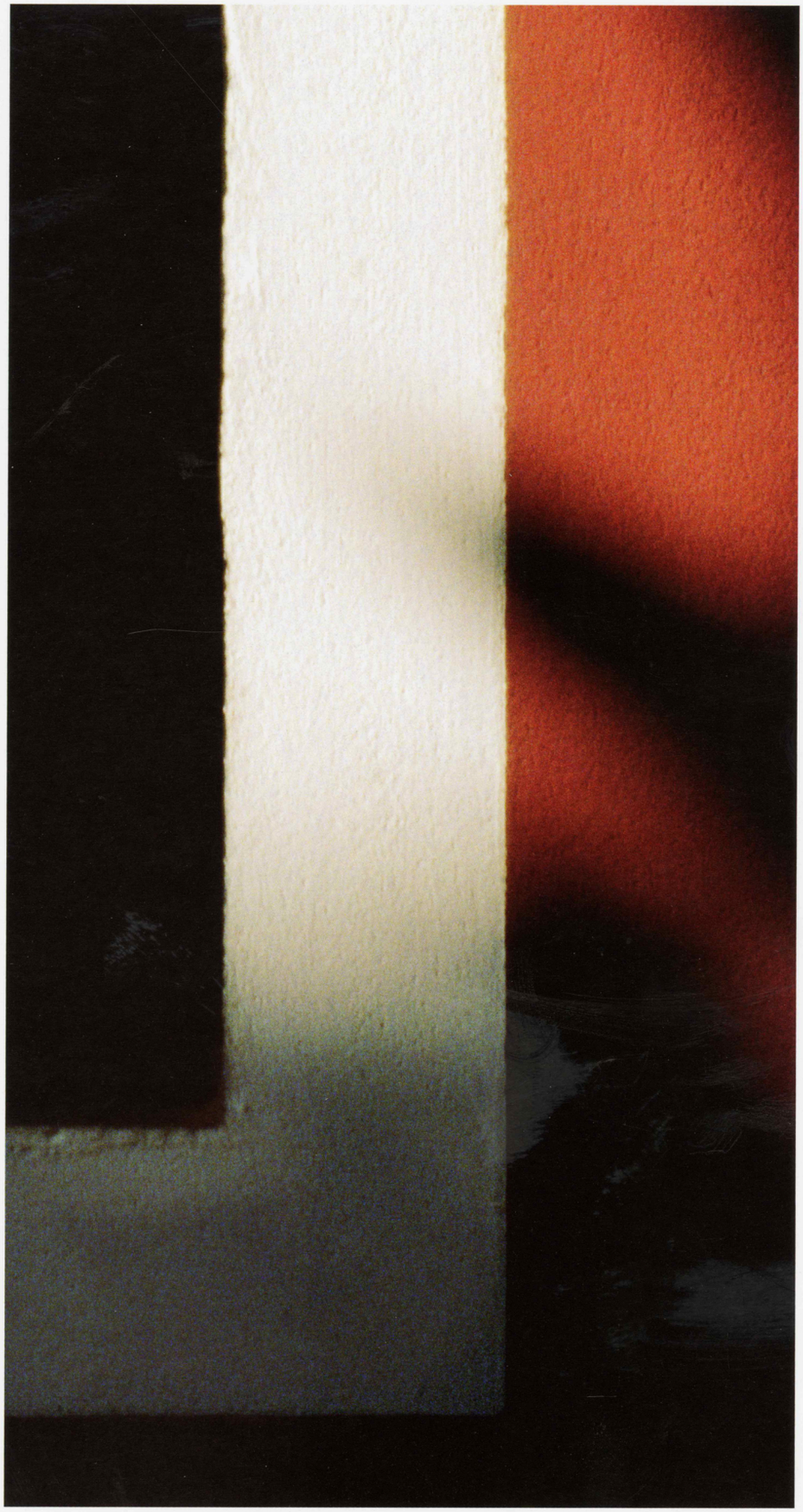
plate 24

2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 29 x 20 in; 73.7 x 50.8 cm
image dimensions 23 1/2 x 14 1/2 in; 60 x 37 cm



Lucarne plate 25

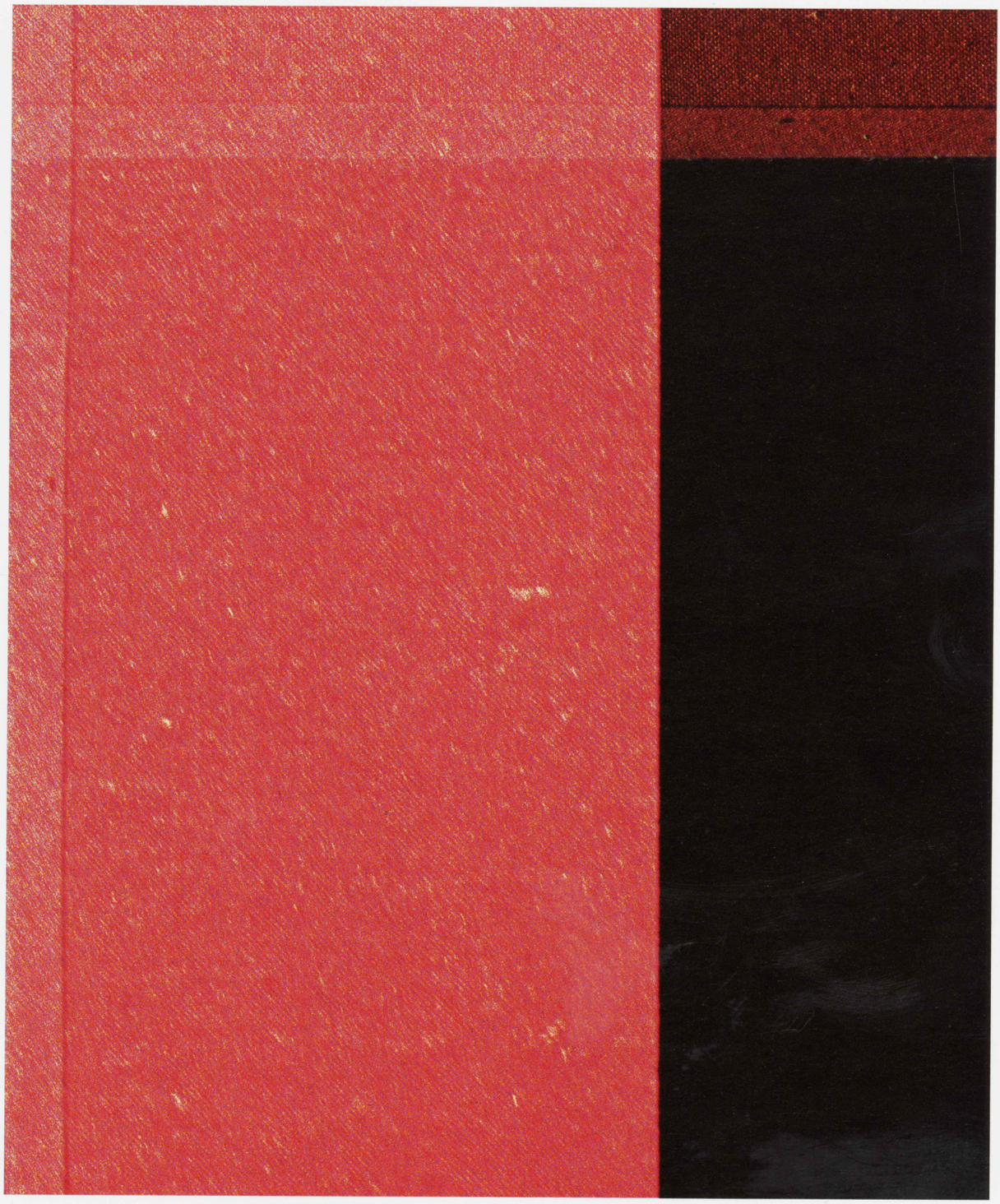
2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 42 3/4 x 25 in; 108.6 x 63.5 cm
image dimensions 37 1/4 x 19 5/8 in; 95 x 50 cm



Veilleuse

plate 26

2015 digital fine art print paper dimensions 35 x 30 in; 89 x 76 cm
image dimensions 29 1/2 x 24 1/2 in; 75 x 62.5 cm



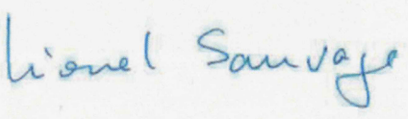
FRANCE LOS ANGELES EXCHANGE

In the best tradition of the Dassault family, Olivier is a well-known industrialist involved in aviation, technological innovation and media, an elected representative at France's National Assembly, and a pilot. But here we celebrate him as an artist of singular achievement, with an eye for beauty and a mind for ingenious technique. Through his lens, Olivier Dassault captures infinite patterns found in man-made and natural environments. Congratulations, Olivier, and thank you for your inspiring work.

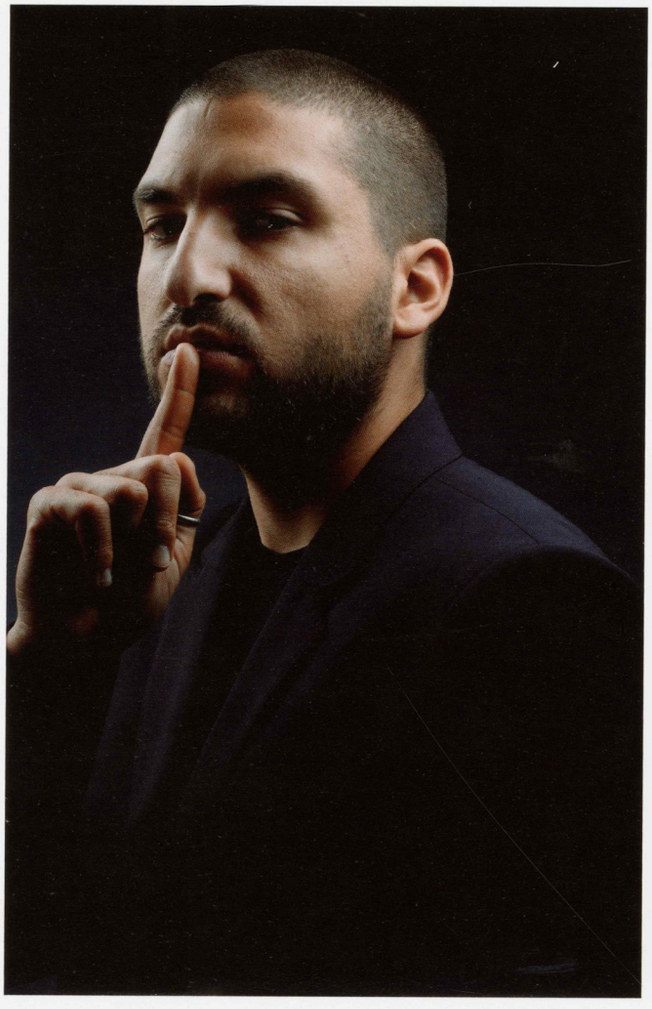
It is most apt that France Los Angeles Exchange (FLAX) shares these pages with an artist of Dassault's stature, for it has been our role to bring the best of modern and contemporary French culture to Los Angeles. Together with friends such as the distinguished Louis Stern, we strive to promote a deeper knowledge and understanding of the French art scene throughout the Southern California region.

This has been our mission for nearly ten years, and it has been a most rewarding experience. In the coming decade, we plan to escalate our efforts to embrace the widest possible public. Not only will FLAX continue to collaborate with the region's most esteemed cultural institutions, but the Fahrenheit by FLAX Residency will develop partnerships with alternative art spaces and community centers. We are deeply grateful to Louis Stern and Olivier Dassault for supporting this process with a share of the proceeds from *Olivier Dassault 26 Works*. It is a gesture of exceptional generosity and elegance.

I also want to salute the Board of FLAX: Gerald du Manoir, co-founder, Sarah Odenkirk and Marc Tinglof. They have been contributors, advisors and friends along this journey. Finally, our gratitude goes to our talented and tireless Executive Director, Elisabeth Forney, who has largely made FLAX what it is today.



Lionel Sauvage Co-founder and President



For more than two centuries, the United States and France have shared similar humanistic and philosophical values. Today, as Southern California hosts the second largest French community in the U.S., the mutual attraction between these communities deserves to be nurtured. France Los Angeles Exchange (FLAX) is dedicated to bringing together resources and programs that will draw our two countries and their peoples together.

Founded in 2006 by Lionel Sauvage and Gerald du Manoir, FLAX was created to foster a better understanding of modern France in the most sympathetic way — through cultural events. By exposing Southern California audiences to the diversity of French culture, the founders hoped to build awareness and goodwill. Utilizing their strong connections to French cultural organizations, they planned to promote the French contemporary arts in local concert halls, culture centers and universities.

Nearly a decade hence, FLAX is a fact of life, a major player on the Los Angeles cultural scene. Whether it be through visual arts presentations, or music, dance and theater productions, FLAX has been part of many of Los Angeles' most exciting cultural moments.

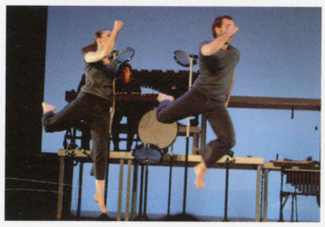
Ibrahim Maalouf in concert
at Théâtre Raymond Kabbaz
©Denis Rouvre

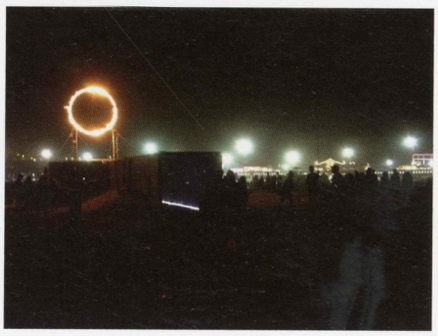
Today, FLAX initiates, creates, collaborates and supports cultural productions that are presented at venues across the region and at our Fahrenheit space in downtown Los Angeles. We are proud to have partnered with the Cities of Los Angeles and Santa Monica; MOCA, the Fowler Museum, the Hammer Museum, and the Armory Center for the Arts in Pasadena; the Skirball Cultural Center, Théâtre Raymond Kabbaz, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, and Grand Performances; as well as Creative Migration, Night Gallery, Please Do Not Enter, and Del Vaz Projects.

Sayon Bamba in concert
at Skirball Cultural Center

FLAX brings the best of contemporary French culture to Southern California, including artists, thinkers and performers from the worldwide French-speaking cultural community. Among the many performers FLAX has co-presented are musical ensembles Les Yeux Noirs, Les Nubians, and Sayon Bamba; singers Lou Doillon and Keren Ann; and French-Lebanese jazz composer and trumpet player Ibrahim Maalouf.

Fig. 3. Le triomphe de la Renommée.
Nic. Zopino et Vincenzo, éditeurs, Les Triomphes, Venise, 21 mars 1500).





Le Triomphe de la Renommée
by Marie-Caroline Hominal
performance at Del Vaz Projects

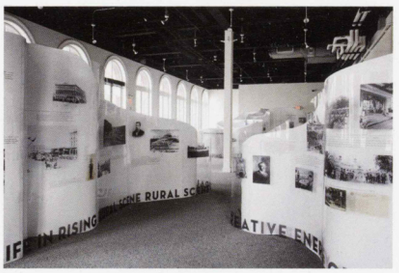
FLAX has participated in bringing to L.A. dance performers Marie-Caroline Hominal and Thibault Lac and dance companies Arcosm and Etant Donné.

Echoa by Arcosm dance company
at Théâtre Raymond Kabbaz

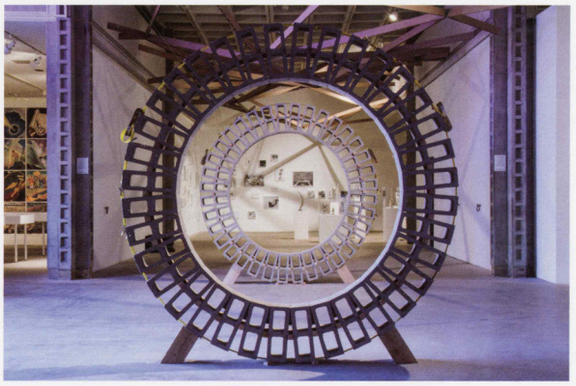
In our earlier years, FLAX supported a major open-air art installation by Daniel Buren, installations by French artists at *GLOW* on the beach, and the Hammer Projects residency of Cyprien Gaillard.

Shapednoise
by Celeste Boursier-Mougenot
at GLOW in Santa Monica

6:43pm by Mathieu Briand
at GLOW in Santa Monica



Night



Pioneers & Entrepreneurs – French Immigrants in the Making of L.A. 1827–1927
at the Pico House, Downtown Los Angeles

The 2007 exhibition and publication *Pioneers and Entrepreneurs* chronicled the influence of French immigrants on the development of Los Angeles from 1827–1927. Long overlooked, French contributions to the emerging city were displayed through historical photographs and documents in a unique exhibition design by SCI-Arc.

Projection by Vincent Lamouroux
at Bates Motel on Sunset Boulevard

FLAX produced *Who's that Guy?*, a documentary by Marie de Brugerolle comprised of interviews with major California artists who shared memories of their friend and colleague Guy de Cointet. FLAX was also a key partner in presenting Vincent Lamouroux's site-specific installation *Projection* in 2015. This transformation of the "Bates Motel" into a bleached, white "ghost" structure garnered significant international press and attracted thousands to marvel at the striking image.

LOST(in LA)
Installation view
at Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery

Presented at the Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery in the winter of 2012–2013, *LOST(in LA)* was a peak moment for FLAX. Creating a direct artistic dialogue between Los Angeles and France, the exhibition was curated by Marc-Olivier Wahler and featured more than eighty works by both French and American artists, including several original commissions and installations, as well as *The Lost Issue,* edited and published by Public Fiction.

LOST(in LA)
Installation view
at Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery

A Way to Leak, Lick, Leek
at Fahrenheit by FLAX
Installation view
© Jeff McLane

Inspired by the success of *LOST(in LA)*, FLAX determined to launch a creative laboratory that would allow us to originate more programming and establish an ongoing dialogue between French-based and Los Angeles artists. Dubbed Fahrenheit by FLAX, the Fellowship program opened in January 2014 under the direction of curator Martha Kirszenbaum with a flexible project space downtown, as well as Maison FLAX in Highland Park, which is home to the Fahrenheit by FLAX Fellows.

The Reason We No Longer Speak
at Fahrenheit by FLAX
Installation view
© Jeff Mclane

Designed to bring artists, curators and critics from the French-speaking world to L.A., the two-month FLAX residency provides an opportunity to meet and collaborate with the Southern California creative community and to create new work, which is ultimately made public through a free exhibition or event. To date, FLAX Fellows have included artists Julien Prévieux, Laure Prouvost, and David Douard, as well as writer and critic Dorothée Dupuis, and curator Sabrina Tarasoff of the Paris-based Shanaynay collective.

Faux Pas
at Fahrenheit by FLAX
Installation view

These talented creators carry their Los Angeles experiences into the greater art world: Douard showed work from his fellowship at the Frieze Art Fair in New York, and Dupuis created *terremoto.mx*, an online magazine dedicated to contemporary art of the Americas. Our dedication to identifying and supporting talent was affirmed when Julien Prévieux was awarded the 2014 Prix Marcel Duchamp for *What Shall We Do Next?*, created during his fellowship at Fahrenheit by FLAX.

What Shall We Do Next?
by Julien Prévieux
performance at Fahrenheit by FLAX
© Ed Glendinning

Over the past two years, FLAX has presented numerous exhibitions and events at Fahrenheit by FLAX. While all of these have featured France-affiliated artists, many showcased the work of Los Angeles-based creators, as well as artists of international origins. In fact, FLAX has proved an international nexus, connecting artists from L.A. and France with compatriots from Poland, Germany, the United Kingdom, Canada, Cuba and more. Additionally, Fahrenheit's thought-provoking film screenings, performances, lectures and panel discussions have afforded the Los Angeles community access to an international menu of experimental methodologies.

As we look ahead, plans are in the works for Fahrenheit by FLAX to extend our engagement with communities of greater Los Angeles. These may include geographic areas such as South L.A., the Valley, along the Los Angeles River, or any of the region's diverse ethnic enclaves. We will approach these communities through local organizations, schools, youth centers and the like and work closely to assess their interests. We anticipate collaborating on participatory projects that may encompass residencies, workshops, exhibitions or events.

Fahrenheit by FLAX also plans to situate projects by French artists in public spaces such as building lobbies, rooftops, gardens and streetscapes. Partnering with developers and the Percent for Art program, we will bring art into the daily lives of L.A.'s residential and working populations.

FLAX creates relationships. We introduce FLAX fellows to other artists and the diverse Los Angeles metropolis. We link Southern California's French-speaking population to arts-loving Angelenos. We engage Southern California audiences with the international arts community. And we connect our French partners and supporters to greater Los Angeles.

FLAX is grateful to the many private donors who have made our work possible, with a special thanks to Louis Stern and Olivier Dassault for affording us this opportunity. We also acknowledge with gratitude the support of the following organizations.

Association pour la Diffusion de l'Art Français (ADIAF)
Capital Group Charitable Companies
Department of Cultural Affairs, City of Los Angeles
Cultural Services at the French Embassy in Los Angeles
Fondation d'Entreprise Ricard
GRoW Annenberg Foundation
Institut Français
Los Angeles Contemporary Arts Commission (LACAC)
Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery
Lycée International de Los Angeles (LILA)
New England Foundation for the Arts
Palais de Tokyo

For further information please visit **flaxfoundation.org**.

FAHRENHEIT
by

This publication was produced in conjunction with the exhibition *Olivier Dassault – 26 Works.*

© Harry Bellet for A Preface

© Peter Frank for *Olivier Dassault: Non-Objective Observation*

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Edition of 1000
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